

# LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER, 1873.

## 'NO INTENTIONS.'

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF 'LOVE'S CONFLICT,' 'VERONIQUE,' ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

'OH! why did you ever come here?' is the first wailing reproach with which she receives his words.

'Because I could not help it! Much as I have suffered since we parted, I would not, knowing how lame any explanation I can make to you must be, have sought you wilfully: but when the opportunity was pressed upon me I could not resist it, and I am here, and you must listen whilst I speak.'

'I need no explanation!' she says proudly.

'Then you are not the woman that I took you for. You are not the woman who once vowed to be my friend and counsellor. Friends do not condemn their friends unheard, Irene.'

'You must not call me by that name,' she falters.

'I must, and will! for as we stand together now, I know you by no other. But do not be afraid that I shall say one word that you need blame me for. It is not a man who speaks to you! It is a fellow-soul calling on you for God's sake to lay aside for one moment all the hard thoughts you may have cherished of him, and let him say what he can say for himself!'

'Go on,' she whispers; but she

turns her face away, and, stooping to gather sundry flowers that grow near, weaves them, with trembling fingers, into a little sort of tuft.

It is after breakfast, and they are standing in front of Fen Court watching Tommy play upon the lawn. As the last words leave Irene's lips, Colonel Mordaunt, mounted on his favourite hunter, comes riding towards them from the stables.

'Holloa, Muiraven! I thought you were going over to Chester Farm with me this morning to see that greyhound litter. My man thinks we shall be able to spare you a couple, if you take a fancy to the pups.'

'You're very good, Colonel! I should like to go by all means, but won't you give me half an hour's grace after breakfast? If I had a quarter your constitution, I wouldn't ask for it.'

The Colonel pretends to laugh at the idea, but he secretly enjoys it.

'And you a bachelor, without a care to interfere with your digestion. Wait till you're married, my Lord!'

'That's complimentary to me,' says Irene, who is plucking up spirit with the want of notice accorded to her. And then she turns round suddenly, and goes

up to her husband's side and fastens the little bouquet she has made into his buttonhole.

The small attention pleases him: he feels as though the sun had suddenly come out from behind a cloud, and with his disengaged hand he squeezes the fingers busied with his adornment.

'Thank you, my darling!' he says fervently.

At that Irene does, what she so seldom does before another, puts up her lips to kiss her husband.

'Don't be away long!' she says, as she embraces him.

Muiraven hears the sentence with a sigh, and watches the action with a frown; he knows so well what they are intended to convey—that, whatever this woman may still think or feel, he must be loyal to her husband, or she will not listen to him.

'I shall be back within the hour, dear,' replies Colonel Mordaunt. 'I have only to ride down to the Long Close and see about the draining there, and then perhaps you will be ready to accompany me to Chester Farm, Muiraven.'

'I shall be ready by that time,' replies the guest with careless brevity, as he switches off a bunch of lilac with his cane.

He never intended to say more to Irene than it would be right for her to hear: there was no need of that kiss to remind him of his duty—it has galled him; and as soon as Colonel Mordaunt's back is turned he lets her know it.

She is watching the retreating horse and rider, more from nervousness at the coming explanation than regret at her husband's departure, when Muiraven's voice sounds in her ear again.

'If you can spare one moment from your matrimonial rhapsodies, Mrs. Mordaunt, perhaps you will fulfil the promise you made just

now, and listen to what I have to say.'

The sarcastic tone, so unseemly in their relative positions, rouses her to a sense of her own dignity and makes her brave.

'Lord Muiraven, you took me so much by surprise that I hardly knew what to answer. I cannot believe that any explanation can alter matters as they now stand between you and me, nor do I see the necessity of one. But if you are still desirous of speaking to me, I am ready, as I said before, to listen to you. Shall we go indoors, or remain here?'

'Come into the shrubbery,' he says earnestly; and into the shrubbery they go.

When they arrive there, they pace up and down the winding pathway more than once, in utter silence.

'Please say what you have to say,' she pleads at last.

'I will! Irene, when your mother spoke to me that day in the library at Brook Street, I felt as though a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet!'

'Oh, why allude to that? It is all passed and done with. Who cared about it?'

'You did—and so did I. It nearly broke my heart, and yet I was powerless to act in any other manner.'

'Then why speak about it? I wish that you would not.'

'I must speak about it, even at the risk of tearing open my own wounds, and yours. You see how coolly I take it for granted that you cared for me, Irene.'

'Your wounds?'

'Yes, mine! Good God, do you suppose that any obstacle short of insuperable would have made me act as I was forced to do? Do you believe that I didn't love you with all my heart and soul, Irene?'

She does not answer him, but draws a deep, long sigh of gratitude. Some of the black cloud that has darkened her existence is cleared away already. *Eric Keir loved her.*

'If I had but known it!' she says at length.

'Would it have made you happier?'

'I could have borne what followed by myself,' she answers simply.

Then a light breaks in upon Muiraven, and he sees what he has done. He understands that this girl has entered upon marriage to save her from the apathy that succeeds despair.

'God forgive me!' he cries aloud. 'Oh, Irene! I dared not tell you—I dared not tell it to myself until your mother crushed me with her inquiries, and I had no alternative but to preserve a houndish silence and to leave the house that held everything that was dearest to me in the world. My crime—my madness was to linger near you for so long—when I knew a barrier was raised between us that even time itself might never have the power to pull down. But I did not know my danger, Irene, far less could I guess yours: exonerate me so far, if you can. I was so lonely at that period of my life—so much in need of sympathy and counsel—and the friendship you accorded to me was so sweet, I was wicked enough never to stop to consider what the consequences of the intercourse might be to both of us. Oh, Irene! I will never again insult you by asking you to be my friend, but say that you will try to forgive me for the wrong I did you, and to think less hardly of me than you do.'

'The barrier!' she murmurs. Her voice is full of tears, and she dares not trust herself to say another word.

'I will tell you all I can. I will tell you more than I have ever told to any other human creature on the subject. When I was very young—long before I met you—I got myself into a dreadful scrape; so great a scrape that I did not dare—and never have dared yet—to tell my father of it; and this scrape involved consequences that utterly precluded—and preclude still—my ever thinking of marriage.'

'But—but I thought I heard—a rumour reached us two years ago that you were engaged to a Miss Robertson.'

'Nothing but rumour, Irene. Your informant must have meant my brother Cecil, who is to marry Harriet Robertson next month. But to return to ourselves. I know my explanation is a very unsatisfactory one, and that I am presumptuous to hope you may accept it. But I cannot help making it. Will you trust me so far as to believe that I speak the truth?'

'I do believe it!'

'Thank you, a thousand times. Oh, if you knew the load your words have lifted off my breast! Had I followed the dictates of prudence, and of what the world calls propriety, I should have sneaked away whenever I heard your name mentioned, and died, as I have lived, under the ban of your contempt. But I was determined, as soon as ever Fate sent me the opportunity, to try and clear myself in your eyes. It is very little I can say. I can only throw myself on your compassion, and ask you to believe me, when I swear that I never loved any woman as I loved you; and that had it been in my power to marry you, I should have spared no pains to make you love me in return.'

'I do believe you,' she repeats again.

He stops, and she stops, and he confronts her on the shrubbery path.

'You believe—as surely as though I were yourself—that there exists a fatal and insurmountable obstacle to my marrying any one?'

'I do—since you assure me it is so!'

'And that, had that obstacle not existed I would have sought you, so long as you were single, through all the world, in order to persuade you to become my wife?'

'Since you affirm it—yes!'

'And that when I asked for your friendship and affection, it was with no base intention to deceive or trifle with your love, but because my own yearning to be associated with you was so deep that I gratefully gathered up the least crumb of consolation without considering what the issue might bring to us?'

'I do!'

'Oh, Irene, if I had but known all this before!'

'It was impossible that you could know it. It is an adverse Fate that has divided us. Be content to learn it now.'

'I am content—and deeply grateful for your trust. But, with your trust, shall I regain your friendship?'

She hardly knows what to answer to this question. She is glowing with the excitement of his revelations, but sober enough to be aware that such a friendship as they once promised one another, can never exist between them in their new relations.

'Lord Muiraven!'—she commences—

'Oh! do not call me by that name. Freshly as it brings back to me my brother's death, it is hateful upon all occasions, and more than ever from your lips.'

'I must not call you otherwise,' she answers quickly. 'You

have been very frank with me, and I will be the same with you. I will acknowledge that your conduct—your supposed indifference—'

'My indifference—oh! Irene!'

'—has been the cause, at times, of great pain to me, and that to hear you clear yourself is comfort; and if I were still single, I might say, let us renew the friendship which was so rudely broken: but I am married, Lord Muiraven, and what we promised to be to one another in those old days we can never be now!'

Lord Muiraven receives this announcement with a deep groan.

'I am sure you will see the justice of my remark,' she goes on presently. 'The counsel and advice and sympathy which were to form that bond, and which, more often than not, involve fidelity, might not be pleasant to my husband, and—I promised to be frank with you—I love my husband, Lord Muiraven.'

'You do!' he says incredulously.

'I do indeed! Not in the way, perhaps, you think of love, but, any way, too much to engage in anything that might distress or wrong him. And you know that a man of his age might well be unhappy and suspicious at his wife having a young and close friend like yourself. So that anything more than good companionship is utterly denied to us.'

'The devil!' says Muiraven under his breath.

'Hush! don't speak of it so lightly. You know well what I mean. My husband married me when most people would hardly have thought I should have made a pleasant wife, and—'

'Oh! say you love me still,' he interposes eagerly, guessing at the reason of her doubt.

She turns her calm sad eyes on



him in silence, and the rebuke is sufficient; he permits her to proceed.

'—through all my indifference and depression, and often, I am afraid, my ill-temper (for I have not been half grateful to him for his kindness), he has been so patient and attentive and affectionate, that I never could forget it—if I would. And therefore it is that I cannot give you back my friendship, Lord Muiraven. My sympathy will be always yours; but friendship includes confidence, and I am sure that confidence between me and any other man would give my husband pain.'

'Is a married woman never to have any male friends, then?' he says discontentedly.

'I am not called upon to decide for other women. Some, unfortunately, have no friends in their husbands, and they must judge for themselves; but my husband was my best friend when—when I really seemed to be without one in the world, and I feel bound to return his goodness where I can.'

'All right, then! I conclude everything's over between us. I am sorry I spoke'—in a voice of the direst offence.

'Oh, Eric! don't break my heart!' she cries involuntarily.

'Break your heart, when I would lay down my life to save you from a moment's pain! Irene! I am the most miserable man on God's earth. By one fatal mistake I wrecked all my hopes of happiness; and now you consider me unworthy even of the notice you accord to the commonest of your acquaintances.'

'I never said that. I shall always think of you, and treat you as a friend; but, under the circumstances, don't you agree with me that there might be danger in a closer intimacy?'

'Would there be danger?' he says joyfully.

Alas for the weakness of human nature! He has just declared he could lay down his life to save her from a moment's pain; and yet it thrills him through with happiness to find that she fears lest nearer intercourse might bring wretchedness for both of them; and he would consent to the nearer intercourse, and the prospect of wretchedness, with the greatest alacrity, and believe firmly that he loves her through it all!

Alas for human nature! Blind, weak, wavering, and selfish. From the crown of its head to the sole of its foot, there is no whole part in it!

'I think I will go in now,' says Irene, without taking any apparent notice of his last remark. 'I have said all that I can say to you, Lord Muiraven; and further conversation on the subject would be useless. You have made me much happier by what you have told me to-day, for I have had a hard battle sometimes since we parted to reconcile your conduct with the notion I had formed of you. I only wish you had spoken as frankly to my poor mother as you have done to me.'

'I should, had Mrs. St. John only given me the opportunity.'

'Never mind! It is a thing of the past, and perhaps she sees the reason of it now more clearly than I do. Thank you for telling me as much as you have. But we will not allude, please, to the subject again.'

'Must I never speak to you of my troubles?'

'It is better not; and you need not fear I shall forget you or them. I have always prayed for you—I shall do so still.'

'God bless you, Irene!' he says beneath his breath; and at the entrance of the shrubbery they

part, he to go towards the stables, she towards the house.

But she has not left his side one minute before a thought flashes across her mind—a thought which never once presented itself throughout the interview.

'The Child! What of the Child!'

What of the child, indeed! Is she to restore him to the man who has reinstated himself in her good opinion; or does not the mere fact of his existence render much that Lord Muiraven has said to her in the shrubbery null and void? Is the word of the betrayer of Myra Cray a word to be trusted; or is it certain that Eric Keir was that betrayer? Between excitement and expectation and doubt and uncertainty, Irene becomes quite confused, and the first thing she does on re-entering Fen Court is to take out the packet of letters, the ivory-backed prayer-book, and the photograph, and to examine them carefully again. Somehow they do not seem so thoroughly convincing to her as they did before. Lord Muiraven's proper name is certainly 'Eric Hamilton,' but the notes are only signed 'E. H.' and the name of Hamilton is very common. The initials may stand for Edward Hamilton or Ernest Hamilton. It is rather poor evidence to condemn a man upon a couple of initials. The handwriting she could never positively swear to, because she has never seen that of Lord Muiraven's, except in answer to invitations, and these notes have evidently been written hurriedly. They might be the letters of anybody; she will think no more about them. But the photograph, faded as it is, is a more startling witness to his identity. It is not flattering; *cartes-de-visite* seldom are; it is too dark, and he is frowning, and his nose and chin

are out of focus. Still, as she twists it about in the clear morning light, she cannot deny that it is like him—or like what he may have been some years ago. Yet it seems hard to accuse a man of so serious a fault upon the evidence of a bit of cardboard! Irene would have twisted that photograph up and down and round about until she had convinced herself that it was not the least like Lord Muiraven, nor ever could have been; but at this moment the door opens to admit Tommy. Here comes the living witness of his father's frailty to put to shame all the inanimate mementoes by which she is trying to delude herself into the notion that Lord Muiraven is an injured man. Here come the dark wavy locks, the deep blue eyes, the pointed nose, already showing evidence of the possession of a bridge; the deep chest and sturdy limbs that Tommy's progenitor must certainly have displayed when at the same age as himself. Irene is almost cross with the little fellow for looking so abominably like his father.

'Oh! he must have been the man! it is quite impossible I can be mistaken,' she inwardly ejaculates as she throws herself into a chair. 'Come here, Tommy! What on earth does Phoebe mean,' by parting your hair in the middle, just as if you were a girl—it makes you look quite absurd.'

'Gentleman has got his hair parted in the middle!' says Tommy, alluding to Lord Muiraven.

'That's no reason you should have it too,' replies Irene, quite sharply, as she divides his curls with her fingers, and effects a general disturbance thereof, of which her *protégé* disapproves. 'Sit still, can't you? What a dreadful fidget you are.'

'You hurt!' says Tommy, at last, as the tears well up into his eyes at her roughness. At that sight her mood changes.

'Oh, my blessed boy! my own little darling! do you want to go away from your poor mamma, who loves you so?'

'I won't go, mamma,' replies Tommy stoutly. 'I will always live with my mamma, and take great care of her, I will.'

'My precious! what should I do without you? He would never be so cruel as to take you away. And yet, were he to know the truth, how could he do otherwise? How could I keep you? Oh, what shall I do?'

'I will not give him up in a hurry,' she ruminates presently, as Tommy, having had enough embraces, wriggles off her lap again and runs away to play. 'If I am to part with the child, it shall only be upon the most convincing proofs of the relationship between them'—forgetting that only on the most convincing proofs would Muriaven be likely to acknowledge the responsibility. Brooding on this resolution, however, Irene grows cunning, and, bent on ascertaining the truth, lays little traps wherein to catch her guest, inwardly triumphing every time they fail. She has many opportunities of laying them, for her spirits are lighter and brighter after the shrubbery *tête-à-tête*, and Muiraven enters more freely into conversation with her. But it puzzles him considerably at this period to discover what motive she can have for continually speaking in parables to him; or why she should drag in subjects irrelevant to the matter in hand, by the head and shoulders, as she is so fond of doing.

'What a beautiful evening,' he remarks casually, as the whole party seat themselves after dinner

on chairs upon the lawn. 'I consider the evening by far the most enjoyable part of the day at this season of the year.'

'If one has a clear conscience,' says his hostess pointedly; 'but I think, if I had wronged any one very much in my lifetime, I should never be able to enjoy a summer's evening again. Everything seems so pure and calm then—one feels so near heaven.'

'I am afraid, if every one felt the same as you do, Mrs. Mordaunt, we should have to shut up summer at once. We have all wronged, or been wronged, I suppose, during our lifetime.'

'But I mean a *real* wrong!—such as ruining the happiness of another. Don't you think it is the very wickedest thing a person can do, Lord Muiraven?'

'I am not competent to judge. I think I have wronged myself more than anybody else in the world; at all events, intentionally,' he adds, with a sigh.

'Have you had your photograph taken lately?' she goes on in the wildest manner.

'My photograph! No! My dear old father insisted upon my sitting for a portrait in oils last autumn. That was bad enough, but nothing to being photographed. Why do you ask?'

'Irene is ambitious to fill that pretentious-looking album that lies on the drawing-room table as quickly as possible,' says Colonel Mordaunt, laughing.

'Indeed I am not! I call that album my menagerie. It contains such a set of gorillas. So few people take well. Do you?' addressing Muiraven again.

'I can hardly tell you. It is so long since I was immortalised by the photographic art. Not since—let me see—'

'Since when?' she interposes eagerly.

'The year before last, I think. The London Stereoscopic Company had the honour of taking me just before I left town, and I never even asked for a proof of the photograph.'

'You must have had something very engrossing on your mind just then, Muiraven,' remarks the Colonel.

'I had indeed.'

'What made you sit to them at all?'

'I sat because I hoped the result of my sitting might be acceptable to a friend whom I had at that time, and I neglected to send for the photographs because I found they would not be so; and all interest in them departed with the knowledge.'

'A woman, of course, Muiraven? Nothing but a woman, or the wind, could change in so short a time.'

'I did not say she changed, Colonel.'

'Then perhaps it was yourself. He looks fickle—doesn't he, Irene?'

'Then he looks what he is not,' rejoins Muiraven. 'Can I fetch anything for you, Mrs. Mordaunt?' as she rises from her chair.

'No, thank you!'

In another minute she is back again with the ivory-bound prayer-book in her hand. She is going to make her first grand experiment with that.

'What have you there, Irene?' says her husband.

'Only a prayer-book. A pretty little thing, isn't it, Lord Muiraven?' holding it out for his inspection: he examines it without the slightest change of countenance.

'Well, if you want my candid opinion, Mrs. Mordaunt, you must allow me to say that I do not agree with you. I suppose it is quite a lady's idea of "pretty;" but it looks very useless to me. Is it a real prayer-book or a hoax?'

'Open it, and see. It is anything but a hoax.'

'So I perceive. I thought it might prove to be a *bonbonnière*, or a powder puff-box, or some other little feminine secret. So it is really and truly a prayer-book?'

'Of course! Have you never seen one like that before?'

'Yes; but not so small, I think. What a surprising print! I should have no eyes in a twelvemonth if I used a book like this.'

'And you have really never seen an ivory-backed prayer-book before, or bought one?'

'Haven't I! I had to fork out five guineas for a church service for my sister-in-law that is to be, the other day. She took a fancy to it, and Cecil was so stingy, he wouldn't buy it for her, so I was compelled to. It was a very fat one, quite apoplectic, in fact, and bound in ivory and silver. She said she should consider it as a wedding present; but I know I shall have to give her another, all the same.'

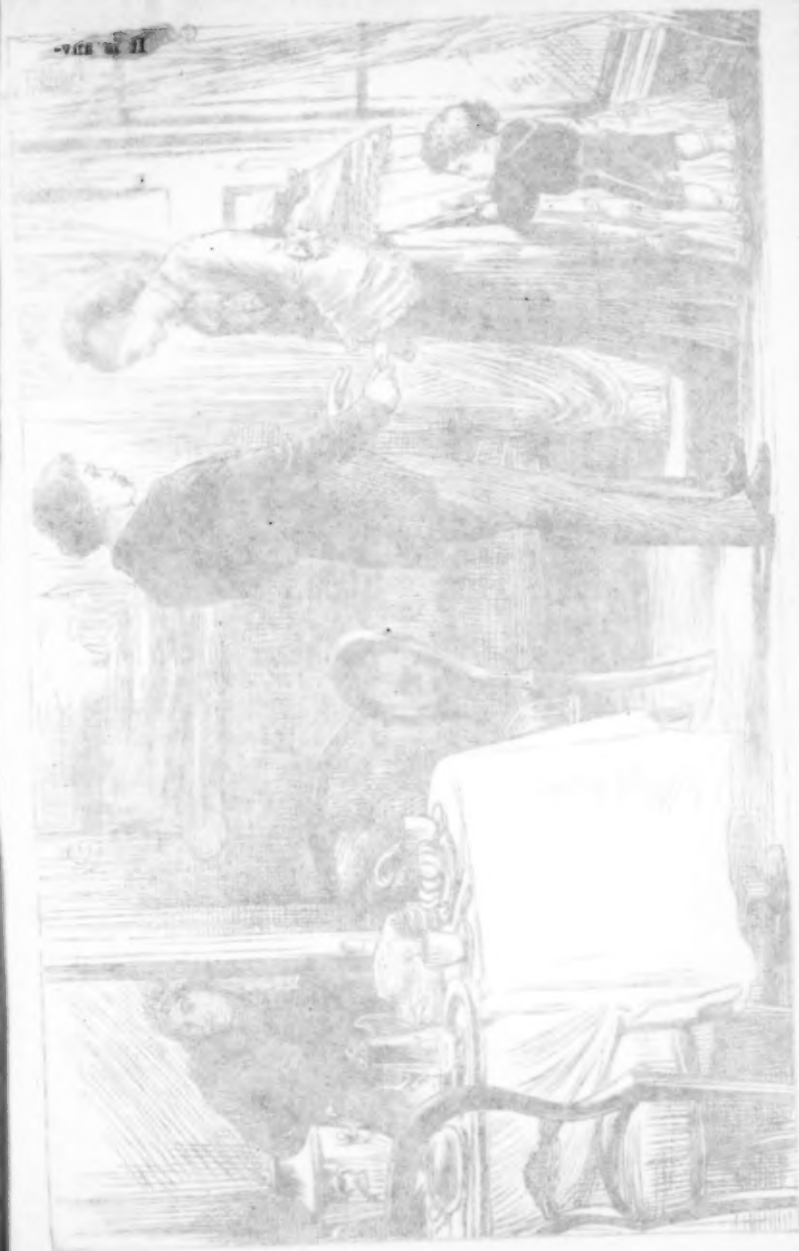
'Well! I can't understand it,' says Irene.

'My being generous for once in a way? Oh, Mrs. Mordaunt!'

'Give me back that little prayer-book, please. I am sure you must have seen plenty like it before. They're as common as possible.'

'I daresay I have, but—please forgive my country manners, Mrs. Mordaunt—I really don't seem to care if I never see one like it again. It's a most shockingly attenuated little book: it looks as though it had been reared on water-gruel, and reminds me only of a pale, shrivelled-up, sickly old maid. It jars most terribly upon my feelings.'

'I don't believe you have any,' she answers quickly; and her husband thinks she is in fun, and laughs at the accusation, in which



Drawn by Frank Elmore.

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"Then perhaps it was yourself. He looks fickle—doesn't he, Irene?"

"Then he looks what he is not," rejoins Mairaven. "And I didn't say anything to you, Mrs. Mordaunt, as she rises from her chair."

"No, thank you."

In another moment she is fast again with the Colonel, and she looks on her hand, and she looks at him, and she looks at her first grand nephew with that.

"What have you there, Irene?" says her husband.

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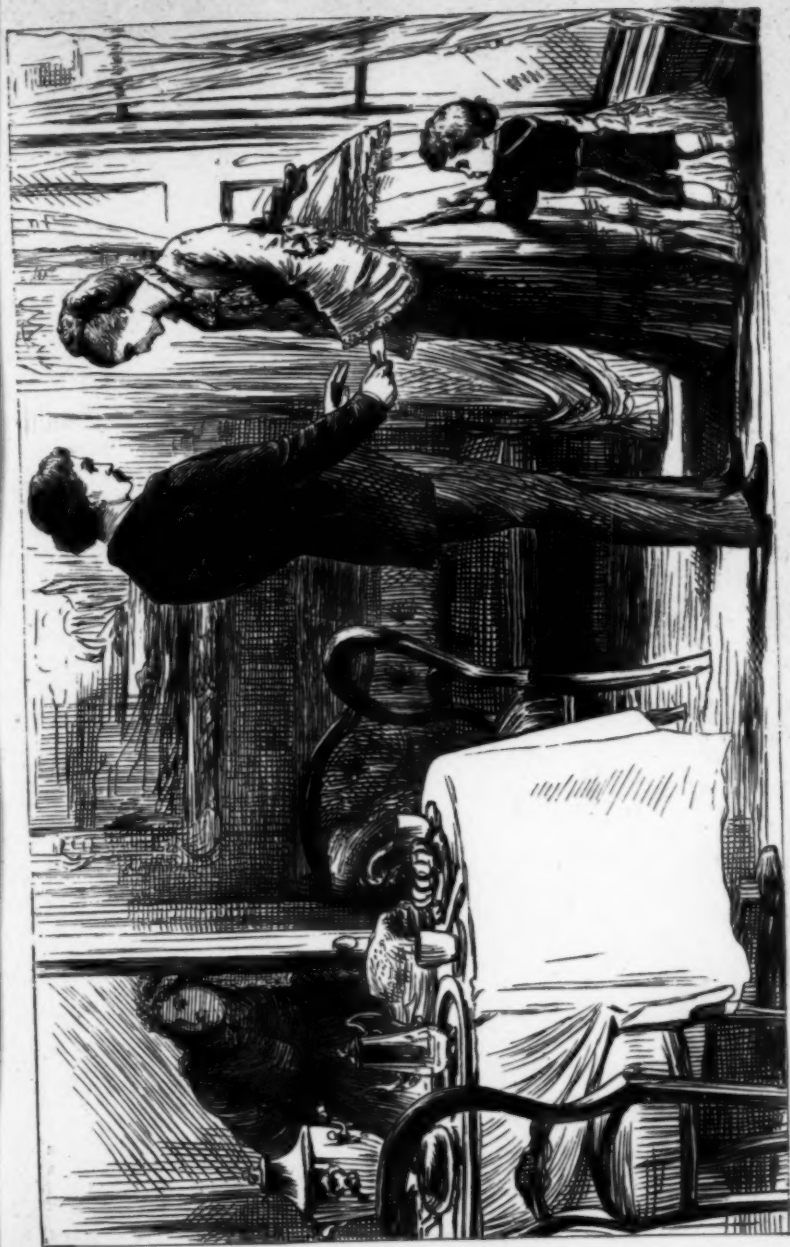
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Drawn by Frank Dickey.]

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Muiraven joins him. At this moment Colonel Mordaunt is called away to hold an interview with his bailiff, and in the quickly-falling dusk, alone with their guest (Isabella having crept away some time before), Irene feels bold enough to make another attempt at discovery of the truth.

'I hope you are not annoyed at the disrespectful manner in which I spoke of your exceedingly pretty little prayer-book,' says Muiraven, breaking the ice for her.

'It is not mine,' she answers briefly; 'it belonged to Tommy's mother. I am keeping it for him.'

'Indeed! that makes it interesting. Is it long since she died?'

'Nearly a twelvemonth. I have several of her little possessions—a photograph amongst the number.'

'What, of—of—the child's father?'

'I conclude so.'

'You must take great care of it. It may prove of the utmost use some day in tracing his parentage.'

'So I think. His poor mother had been so utterly deserted that the only clue she could give me was the name (which she had discovered to be false) by which the man who betrayed her called himself. I wonder, if I ever meet that man or discover his identity, whether I should be bound to give up the child to him. What is your opinion, Lord Muiraven?'

'You set me rather a difficult task, Mrs. Mordaunt. It so entirely depends upon whether the father will be anxious to assume his guardianship or not. He could claim the boy, of course, if he could prove his right to do so; but the greater probability is, that he would deny the relationship. Had he had any intention of acting the part of a parent to his

child, he would never have abandoned the mother.'

'You think so—it is your real opinion?' she demands eagerly.

'I think every one must think so. Poor little Tommy is most fortunate to have fallen into your hands. You may depend upon it, you will never be troubled by a gratuitous application for him.'

'How hard-hearted some men are!' she sighs.

'They are brutes!' replies her companion determinately; and Irene is more puzzled than before.

'Lord Muiraven——' she commences again.

'I am all attention, Mrs. Mordaunt.'

'If I were to arrive, accidentally, at the knowledge of who is the child's father, and found he was not aware of the fact of his existence, ought I to make it known to him?'

'Certainly!'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure!—unless you wish to injure both parent and child. However kind and good you may be to him, no one can care for a boy, or advance his interests in life, as a father can: and life, under the most favourable circumstances, will be a serious thing for poor little Tommy. If you are to keep him, I am sorry he is not a girl. I am afraid you will find him troublesome by-and-by.'

'I have no fear of that—only of his being taken away from me. Still—if you consider it would be right——'

'Do you know who his father is, then?'

'I think I do; but, please, don't mention it again: it is quite a secret.'

'Well, if I were in that man's place I should think that you were wronging me: but it is a matter of opinion. Tommy's father may—and probably will—be only

too glad to leave him in your hands.'

'But if it were you?'

'If it were me, I should prefer to look after my own child: I should not feel justified in delegating the duty to another. I should consider it the only reparation that lay in my power to make him; and any one who deprived me of it, would rob me of the means of exhibiting my penitence.'

This burst of eloquence decides her. Sorely as she will mourn his loss, she dares not keep Tommy's parentage a secret any longer. If he belongs to Lord Muiraven, to Lord Muiraven he must go. But she hardly dares think what Fen Court will look like when both of them are lost to view again.

'How you *have* been crying!' remarks her husband the next day, as she issues from her morning-room, and unexpectedly confronts him.

'It is no matter,' she answers evasively as she tries to pass him to go upstairs. She is vexed he has commented on her appearance, for the housekeeper is standing in the hall at the same time.

'But it does signify,' he continues pertinaciously. 'What is the reason of it? Are you ill?'

'Not in the least; but I have been turning over old letters and papers this morning—and it is never a pleasant task to undertake. I shall be all right again by luncheon time.' And she escapes to the shelter of her bedroom.

'Lor, Colonel! how inconsiderate you are, questioning Madam about the whys and wherefores of everything!' ejaculates Mrs. Quekett. 'As if a lady could turn over her stock of treasures—her little tokens and bits of hair and old love-letters, without bringing the tears to her eyes. You've no knowledge at all of women, Colonel,

and it seems to me you've quite forgotten you ever were young yourself.'

'But to see her eyes so red as that!' exclaims Colonel Mordaunt.

'Bless you! do you think when you marry a woman, you walk at once into all her troubles and secrets, past, present, and to come? Colonel, you've the least discrimination of any man I ever knew. She might just as well expect you to turn out the bundle of *your* past life—and there'd be a pretty kettle of fish if you did—that I know!'

'You have the most extraordinary habit, Quekett, of talking of one's private affairs in public places. I wish you'd remember where you are.'

'Very well, Colonel; that's a hint for me to go. But I couldn't help putting in a word for Mrs. Mordaunt. You mustn't expect too much of her. She's yours—be content with that. Wiser men than you have found it best, before now, to keep their eyes half shut.' And with that, Mrs. Quekett, picking up a thread here and a scrap of paper there, disappears quite naturally into the morning-room. Irene, meanwhile, is bathing her eyes in cold water. She has really been only occupied in turning over old papers—the papers that concern Tommy—and trying to write a letter to Lord Muiraven on the subject, which shall tell all she wishes him to know, in language not too plain. But she has found the task more difficult than she anticipated: ugly things look so much more ugly when they are written down in black and white. She has made five or six attempts, and they are all in the waste-paper basket. As she comes downstairs to luncheon, looking quite herself again, and passes through the morning-room, her eyes catch sight of these same fragmentary

records lying lightly one upon the other, and she thinks how foolish it was of her to leave them for anyone to read who passed that way. The gong is sounding in the hall, and the gentlemen's voices are heard from the dining-room; so she gathers the torn sheets of paper hastily together, and thrusting them into a drawer of her davenport, turns the key upon them until she shall have an opportunity of destroying them more thoroughly. But she cannot imagine what makes her husband so silent and constrained, during lunch that day—and concludes something must be going wrong with the farm, and trusts Philip is not going to break through his general rule of keeping out-door worries for out-door consideration; or that Philip is not going to develop a new talent for indulging in the sulks—which appears to be the likeliest solution of the change at present.

The next day is the one fixed for Lord Muiraven's departure, and the Colonel no longer presses him to stay.

As breakfast is concluded and the carriage is ordered round to convey him and his portmanteau to the station, Irene remembers her attempted letter of the day before, and feels sorry that it proved a failure. She foresees a greater difficulty in writing to him through the post, and does not even know where to address him. Colonel Mordaunt has sidged off to the stables to worry the grooms into harnessing the horses at least ten minutes before the time that they were ordered to be ready; and (except for Tommy, who interrupts the conversation at every second word) she is left alone with their guest.

'Do you know,' she commences timidly, 'I wanted to speak to

you, Lord Muiraven, before you went—that is to say, I have something rather particular to tell you.'

'Have you? Oh, tell it now!' he exclaims eagerly, his hopes rising at the idea that she has plucked up courage to allude to the past.

'I could not—it would take too much time; besides, it is a subject on which I would much rather write to you.'

'Will you write to me?'

'I did write yesterday—only I tore up the letter.'

'What a shame! Whatever it was, why did you not let me have it?'

'I could not satisfy myself: it was too hard a task. Only—should I be able to do so—where may I address to you?'

'To the St. James's Club, or Berwick Castle. My letters will always be forwarded from either place.'

'Forwarded! Are you not going to London, then?'

'Only for a day or two. I leave England next week for India.'

'India! What should take you there?'

'Hopelessness, Irene!'

'Hush!'

'Mamma, why did gentleman call you Reny?' interposes Tommy from the folds of her dress.

'Forgive me,' he murmurs, 'I am very careless. What takes me to India, Mrs. Mordaunt, is idleness and love of change. Last autumn I spent in the United States; this I hope to do pig-sticking in Bengal; and the next will probably find me in Tasmania. What would you have me do? I am independent and restless and in need of excitement; and there is nothing to keep me at home.'

'Your father, Lord Muiraven!'

'My father knows that I am never so little discontented as

when I am travelling, and so he consents to it. And he has my brother. And I have—no one.'

'But India! such an unhealthy climate. I thought nobody went there for choice.'

'On the contrary, to go there for choice is the only way to enjoy the country. I can return whenever I like, you know. And as to the climate, it cannot be worse than that of New York, where the hot weather sweeps off its sixty head a day.'

'And you will return—when?'

'In about six months, I hope, that is when the hot season recommences. I do not go alone. A cousin of my own, and a very jolly fellow of the name of Stratford, go with me. I shall come back so brown, you won't know me. What shall I bring you home from India, Tommy. A big elephant?'

'Yes, yes! bring a lum-a-lum. Mamma, gentleman going to bring Tommy a big large lum-a-lum!'

'And you will really be away six months,' she says dreamily. She is thinking that here is a respite from divulging the secret of her adopted child's parentage, for if Lord Muiraven's arrangements for leaving the country are all completed, he would hardly thank her for thrusting so onerous a charge upon him as the guardianship of a little child on the very eve of his departure. But he misinterprets the subdued and dreamy tone; he reads in it, or thinks he reads, a tender regret for his contemplated absence, and is ready to relinquish every plan which he has made upon the spot.

'I thought of being so, Mrs. Mordaunt,' he replies quickly, 'but if there were any chance—any hope—if I believed that any one here—oh! you know what I mean so much better than I can

express it; if you wish me not to go, Irene, say the word, and I will remain in England for ever.'

'Gentleman say Reny again,' remarks Tommy as he pulls his adopted mother's skirts and looks up in her face for an explanation of the novelty.

'Bother that child!' exclaims Muiraven angrily.

'Be quiet, Tommy! Go and play,' replies Irene. 'Lord Muiraven, you quite mistake my meaning. I think it is a very good thing for you to go about and travel; and am glad that you should be able to enjoy yourself. I was only thinking of—my letter.'

'Send it me. Pray send it to my club. I shall be there tomorrow!'

'I do not think I shall. It was only about—*this child*,' in a lower voice. 'Do you remember what you said once about being a friend to him if he lost me?'

'Perfectly; and I am ready to redeem my word!'

'Should anything happen whilst you are absent, Lord Muiraven, will you take care of him on your return? The letter I spoke of—and which will contain everything I know about his parentage—I will leave behind me, sealed and addressed to you. Will you promise me to ask for it, and to follow up any clue it may give you as faithfully as may be in your power?'

'I promise. But why speak of your death, unless you wish to torture me?'

'Is it so great a misfortune, then, to pass beyond all the trouble of this world, and be safely landed on the other shore?'

'For you—no!—but for myself—I am too selfish to be able even to contemplate such a contingency with composure. If I thought it probable, or even pos-

sible, nothing should take me from England! You are not ill?' 'Not in the least! I only spoke of death coming to me as it might come to you, or any one. I do not desire it. I am content to live, or—or——'

Her voice breaks.

'Or—what? For heaven's sake, speak!'

'I was so before we met again!'

'Good God!' he utters; 'why did I not put a bullet through my brains before I was mad enough to come here?'

He walks up to the mantelpiece as though he could not bear to meet her gaze, and she catches up the child and sets him on the embrasured window-sill before her, and looks into his eyes with her own brimming over with tears.

Each has spoken to the other; the pent-up cry of their burdened hearts has broken forth at length; and they stand silent and ashamed and overwhelmed in the presence of Nature. Tommy is the first to recall them to a sense of their equivocal position.

'Mamma is crying,' he observes pointedly. 'Naughty gentleman.'

His shrill little voice attracts the attention of Mrs. Quekett, who is loitering in the hall (a favourite occupation of hers during that season of the year when the sitting-room doors stand open), and she immediately commences, noiselessly, to rearrange the pieces of old china that ornament the shelves of a carved oak buffet outside the dining-room.

At the sound of the child's words, Muiraven quits his place, and advancing to Irene, takes her hand.

'Forgive me,' he says earnestly, 'for all that I have brought upon you. Say that you forgive me!'

Mrs. Quekett pricks up her ears like a hunter when the dogs give tongue.

'You wrong me by the request,' Irene answers. 'I cannot think how I forgot myself so far as to say what I did; but I trust you never to take advantage of my words.'

'Except in letting their memory lighten my existence, I never will. And I thank you so much for permitting me to feel we have a mutual interest in this child. I see that he is very dear to you.'

'He is indeed! I don't think any mother could love a child more than I do him.'

'And you will let me love him too. He shall be the link between us; the common ground on which we may meet—the memory left, to whichever goes first, of the affection of the other. Henceforward Tommy shall have a father as well as a mother.'

'I will be sure and leave the letter that I spoke of.'

'And you will not write to me—not one line to cheer me in any way.'

'I must not; and it would be impossible if I could. When you return—perhaps——'

'If you say that, I shall return to-morrow.'

At this moment the carriage-wheels are heard grating on the gravel drive.

'Here is the Colonel, Mrs. Mordaunt!'

Irene starts — flushes — and withdraws her hand quickly from that of Lord Muiraven.

Mrs. Quekett, duster in hand, is looking in at the open door.

'The Colonel!' cries Muiraven, looking at his watch to cover their confusion; 'how time flies! it is nearly eleven. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Mordaunt. I shall have shot a real Bengal tiger before we meet again.'

'Tiger will eat you,' interpolates Tommy sententiously.

'Oh, take care of yourself,' says Irene, with quick alarm.



'I will—believe me! since you ask it! How big is the lum-alum to be Tommy? Ten feet high?'

'As tall as the house,' replies Tommy.

'Are your traps brought downstairs yet, Muiraven?' demands Colonel Mordaunt, as he enters the room. 'We haven't much time to spare, if you're to catch the one o'clock train. That fellow William is shirking his work again, Irene; I found the grey filly with her roller off. I declare there's no getting one's servants to do anything unless one is constantly at their heels.'

'Look what gentleman given me!' says Tommy, who has been occupied with Lord Muiraven at the window.

'Your watch and chain!' exclaims Irene. 'Oh, no, Lord Muiraven, indeed you must not. Think how young the child is. You are too generous.'

'Generous!' says the Colonel; 'it's d—d foolish, Muiraven, if you'll excuse my saying so. The boy will never be in a position to use it, and it will be smashed in an hour.'

'No! that it shall not be, Philip. I will take care Lord Muiraven's kindness is not abused—only a toy would have been so much better.'

'Pray let him keep it, Mrs. Mordaunt. It will be rather a relief to get rid of it. I so much prefer to wear dear old Bob's, that was sent home to me last autumn.'

'You certainly must have more watches than you know what to do with,' grumbles the Colonel. 'Put Lord Muiraven's portmanteaus in the carriage, James:—wait a minute. Let me speak to the coachman.'

Irene has taken the watch from the child's hand, and is holding it in her own.

'It is so kind of you,' she murmurs.

'Not at all; it is a pleasure to me. Keep it as a pledge of what I have promised in respect of him. And if I thought you sometimes wore it, Irene, in remembrance of our friendship, it would make me so happy.'

'I will.'

'Thanks—God bless you!' and, with one long look and pressure, he is gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Irene takes an opportunity during the succeeding day to examine her behaviour and its motives very searchingly, but she thinks that, on the whole, she has acted right. What could Muiraven have done with a young child just as he was starting for a place like India? He could not have taken Tommy with him; he would have been compelled to leave him in England under the care of strangers; who, in the event of his father dying abroad, would have had him reared and educated without any reference to herself. Yes! she believes she has done what is best for all parties. When Muiraven returns she will tell him the truth, and let him do as he thinks fit; but until that event occurs, she shall keep the child to herself. And as the blankness of the knowledge of his departure returns upon her every now and then during that afternoon, she catches up Tommy in her arms and smothers him with kisses, as she reflects with secret joy that she has something of Muiraven left her still. How surprised she would be to compare her present feelings with those with which she first learned the news of the boy's paternity.

The sin and shame of that past folly are not less shocking to her than they were; but the sting has been withdrawn from them. *Eric*



loves her. He was not base and cruel and deceitful; it was Fate that kept them separate; and on the strength of his own word, he is forgiven for everything—past, present, and to come! What is there Woman will not forgive to the man she loves?

Irene almost believes this afternoon, that if she is but permitted to bring up Tommy to be worthy of his father, so that when he is a man, and Eric is still lonely and unmarried, she may present them to each other and say, 'Here is a son to bless and comfort your old age,' she will desire nothing more to make life happy. And feeling more light-hearted and content than she has done for many a day—although Muiraven has put miles between them—goes singing about the garden in the evening, like a blithesome bird. Her caroling rather disturbs Colonel Mordaunt, who (with his study window open) is busy with his farm accounts; and making small way as it is, with Mrs. Quekett standing at his right hand, and putting in her oar at every second figure.

'Not oats, Colonel; it was barley Clayton brought in last week; and if an eye's anything to go by, ten sacks short, as I'm a living woman.'

'How can you tell, Quekett?' replies the Colonel fretfully; 'did you see them counted?'

'Counted! Is it my business to watch your stable-men do their work?'

'Of course not; but I suppose Barnes was there; he is generally sharp enough upon Clayton.'

'Well there it is in the granary—easy enough to look at it. It seems short enough measure to me. Perhaps some has been taken since it was unloaded.'

'It's very unpleasant to have those doubts. I hate suspecting

any one, especially my own servants. Why should they rob me? They have everything they want.'

'Bless you, Colonel! as if that made any difference. Of course they have everything they want; and it's generally those who are closest to us who play us the dirtiest tricks. A man would get through life easy enough if it weren't for his friends. That's a handsome watch his Lordship gave to that brat of Cray's (I hope your lady isn't within earshot), isn't it now?'

'It must have cost fifty pounds if it cost five. I can't imagine any one being so simple as to part with his property in that lavish manner, Quekett!'

'Nor I—if he don't know to whom he's parting with it. But Lord Muiraven knows, as sure as my name's Rebecca. He's not such a fool as he looks.'

'You are so mysterious, Quekett, with your hints and innuendoes,' replies her master peevishly. 'Why can't you speak out, if you have anything to say?'

'Would you be any the better pleased if I were to speak out?'

'Muiraven's private affairs cannot affect me much, either one way or the other.'

'I don't know that, Colonel. You wouldn't care to keep the child hanging about here if you thought it was his, I reckon.'

'Of course not; but what proofs have you that it belongs to him?'

'Well, he's stamped his signature pretty plainly on the boy's face. All the world can see that; and whether the child is his own or not, he's safe to get the credit of him.'

'A very uncertain proof, Quekett. I should have thought you had had too much experience to accept it. Now look at the matter sensibly. Is it likely Lord Muiraven could have been to Priestley

and courted Myra Cray without our hearing of it?

'Myra Cray has not always lived at Priestley, Colonel. But putting that aside, how can we be sure the child *did* belong to Cray?'

'But—I have always understood so,' exclaims Colonel Mordaunt as he pushes his chair away from the table and confronts the housekeeper.

'Ay, perhaps you have; but that's no proof either. Mrs. Cray always said the boy was a nurse-child of hers; and it was not until Myra's death that Mrs. Mordaunt told you she was his mother.'

'Mrs. Mordaunt repeated what the dying woman confided to her.'

'Perhaps so,' remarks Mrs. Quekett drily, 'but the fact remains, Colonel. And your lady took so kindly to the child from the very first, that I always suspected she knew more of his history than we did.'

'Do you mean to insinuate that my wife took this boy under her protection, knowing him to be a son of Lord Muiraven?'

'I don't wish to insinuate—I mean to say I believe it; and if you'll take the trouble to put two and two together, Colonel, you'll believe it too.'

'Good God! it is impossible. I tell you Mrs. Mordaunt never saw Lord Muiraven till she met him at the Glottonbury ball.'

'I think there must be a mistake somewhere, Colonel; for they've been seen together at Lady Baldwin's parties more than once; I had it from her own lips.'

'I can't understand it. I am sure Irene told me she did not know him.'

'Some things are best kept to ourselves, Colonel. Perhaps your lady did it to save you. But if they'd never met before, they got

very intimate with one another whilst he was here.'

'How do you mean?'

'In arranging plans for the child's future, and so forth. I heard Mrs. Mordaunt tell his Lordship this very morning, just as he was going away, that she should write to him concerning it. And his giving the child that watch looks very much, to my mind, as though he took a special interest in him.'

Colonel Mordaunt frowns and turns away from her.

'I cannot believe it; and if it's true I wish to God you had never told me, Quekett. Go on with the accounts!—Where is the baker's memorandum for flour? Didn't I order it to be sent in every week?'

'There it is, Colonel, right on the top of the others. One would think you had lost your head.'

'Lost my head: and isn't it enough to make a man lose his head to hear all the scandal you retail to me? Do you want to make me believe that there is a secret understanding between my wife and Muiraven concerning that child?'

'I don't want you to believe any further than you can see for yourself. If you like to be blind, be blind! It's no matter of mine.'

'Is it likely,' continues the Colonel, shooting beyond the mark in his anxiety to ascertain the truth, 'that had she been pre-acquainted with that man, and preferred his company to mine, she would have been so distant in her manner towards him and so low-spirited during his visit here?'

'I am sure I can't say, Colonel; women are riddles to me, as to most. Perhaps your lady didn't care to have his Lordship located here for fear of something coming out. Any way, she seems light-hearted enough now he's gone,' as the sound of Irene's voice

comes gaily through the open casement.

'I don't believe a word of it, Quekett,' says the Colonel loyally, though he wipes the perspiration off his brow as he speaks; 'you are hatching up lies for some infernal purpose of your own. This is no business of yours, and I'll listen to no more of it. Go back to your own room, and leave me to settle my accounts by myself.'

'Thank you, Colonel! Those are rather hard words to use to an old friend who has served you and yours faithfully for the last thirty years; and you can hardly suppose I shall stand them quietly. I may have means of revenging myself, and I may not, but no one offended me yet without repenting of it, and you should know that as well as most. I wish you a very good night, Colonel.'

'Stop, Quekett. If I have been hasty, you must forgive me. Think how wretched the doubt you have instilled in my breast will make me. I love my wife better than myself. I would lay down my life to preserve her integrity. And the idea that she may have deceived me is utter misery. I shall brood over it until it eats my heart away. I would rather know the worst at once.'

While he is speaking, the house-keeper has drawn a torn sheet of paper from the leather bag she carries on her arm, and is smoothing it carefully between her palms.

'Well, Colonel, you had better know the worst,' she replies as she lays the paper on the desk before him: 'you will believe your own eyes, perhaps, if you won't believe me; and you may live to be sorry for the words you've spoken. But you shall be

deceived no longer, if I can help it.'

'Quekett! what is this?'

'Read it, and judge for yourself! It came downstairs in your lady's waste-paper basket, which she ain't half so careful of as she needs to be. And when you have read it, you'll understand, perhaps, why I've taken upon myself to speak as I have done.'

He glances at the first few characters and turns as white as a sheet.

'Leave me, Quekett,' he utters in a faint voice.

'Keep up, Colonel,' she says encouragingly as she retreats. 'There's as good fish in the sea, remember, as ever came out of it.'

But his only answer is to thrust her quietly from the door and turn the key upon her exit.

The air is full of all the sweet scents and sounds of early summer. A humble bee, attracted by the honeysuckle that clusters round the window-frame, is singing a drowsy song amongst its blossoms: the cows in the meadow beyond the lawn, restored to their calves after the evening milking, are lowing with maternal satisfaction: the nestlings, making, beneath their mother's guidance, the first trial of their half-grown wings, are chirping plaintively amongst the lilac bushes; and above all is heard Irene's cheerful voice as she chases Tommy round and round the garden flower-beds.

Everything seems happy and at peace, as he sits down to scan the words which are destined to blot all peace and happiness from his life for evermore. He glances rapidly at the familiar writing, reads it once—twice—three times, and then falls forward on the study table with a groan.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS OF 1873.

By LORD G— H—.

## LETTER III.

I FEEL, my dear boy, that in my anxiety for you to shine in dress, in friends, and in deportment at your entrance into society, I have somewhat unworthily put off the still more important subject of your moral character. I hasten, therefore, after a few more ball-room hints (for I scarcely exhausted the subject in my last letter) to give you some advice as to your general behaviour under all circumstances: which, broad, and adapted to the rules of Christianity and the laws of strict propriety, will, I trust, enable you to thread your way easily and gracefully through the 'mazes of Vanity Fair.' We must never forget what the preacher tells us, that we were not brought into this world only to amuse ourselves: no, we each of us have a distinct mission—a calling; and yours is as certainly to persuade society you are charming and to extract honey from every flower in it, as the agitator's is to talk nonsense, or the prime minister to sacrifice honesty to place. To conclude about balls. Balls may be divided into many classes. There are those where Royalty is to be found, and where, in consequence, you should always go, for the sake of the good wine the stingiest host will produce for an H.R.H., and because it is well that the 'Morning Post' should chronicle your name in contiguity with Royalty as often as possible. There are the balls given by such as the Duchess of Birmingham, where only one or two unmarried girls are to be found, and those with many—sometimes too many!—of the at-

tributes of married women; and where a light and mysterious odour of impropriety will combine pleasantly with high rank and irreproachable supper-table. These are the gatherings of the Fast and Fashionables—to attain to which half the men and women of the West-End would sacrifice a finger apiece, and which I trust, by making use of my former hints, you will enter as easily and naturally as Captain Sprigginson or Lord Boysterous himself. Then there are the balls given by rich well-to-do people—such as the Fitzthomas's for instance—whose quivers are well-stocked with manly, energetic sons and fine fresh-coloured daughters: where you may go for half-an-hour—if there is nothing better on the same night—and be as good-humoured as you can among the *omnium gatherum* of country neighbours, poor relations, and boys fresh from school, college, or regiment, friends of the sons; while at least one duty dance with a rollicking daughter is a tribute you had better pay for the sake of the host's county hospitality—for in his county he is a magnate, though in London only a great nobody. The little quiet sly dances given, as it were, almost in a whisper, by Mrs. Turney, or Lady Pigswallow (who sold oranges, like Nell Gwyn, in her youth), where you find three or four ambassadors and come upon a male Royalty improving his princely time in a corner with Mrs. Whynot, you should never miss. Vulgar though the givers may be it is a vulgarity that is

now fashionable; and you can make up for the absence of notification in the fashionable paper by announcing to all your friends that you were there, and describing in traveller's language the fun of it to the envious ones who were not asked.

Those great dancing assemblies given by our gracious Queen will afford you an opportunity of showing off the splendid uniform of the Duke of Bellesoft's Yeomanry; and, as the proper study for mankind is man—and woman—you may amuse yourself by studying the various aspects of the heterogeneous crowd, composed, as Bacon has it, of 'fools, satyrs, baboons, wild men, beasts, spirits (generally bad ones), witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, nymphs, rustics (plenty of them), cupids (dandies), statues moving,' &c.

Remember that at Queen's balls the politeness that will, I hope, mark your conduct usually, is not expected of you; and that in—as Lord Shaftesbury called a picnic—the amicable collision' of the supper-room, your only thought need be for yourself, or your partner, if you have one, and that spurs were made to clear a path, epaulettes and gold lace to scratch those ladies who will not move on quickly enough, and that elbows are the natural weapons of a ball-room crowd. It is curious, but instructive, that in the presence of Royalty the most refined and sensitive natures seem to relapse into the primitive rudeness of our savage forefathers. Can Mr. Darwin or, perchance, Mr. Odger explain this phenomenon? Is it sent for our humiliation? for, as La Rochefoucauld says, 'nothing should add so much to our self-dissatisfaction, as that we disapprove at one time what we approve at another.'

But to turn to the serious subject which I have said would en-

gage our attention in this letter. To be moral we must respect ourselves, and to respect ourselves we must never be ridiculous to ourselves; therefore it follows that to a man of fashion the art of carrying himself with dignity and success in society will bring morality. A *gaucherie*; a rejected offer of marriage; a slip of the tongue, such as the abuse of a brother to a sister, or of a daughter to a mother; being kicked off your horse in Rotten Row; engaging in a game before spectators in which you are not a proficient; taking part in a controversy in a foreign tongue of which you are not master; appearing too early at a ball; spilling your coffee after dinner on a lady's dress: all these hurt your self-respect, and are, therefore, hurtful to your moral character. True, the proverb says, 'Nothing venture, nothing have;' but my theory is, that the venturing should be done in private, and the eye of the world only allowed to see when perfection is attained.

If I were to draw up a list of the things you must never do, to keep your moral character spotless, I should say—*Never get drunk*, but study so nicely the art of drinking as to be able to take part in a young men's dinner without appearing to flinch, and yet without danger of having your brains stolen. *Never fall in love*, for nothing makes a man so ridiculous as that sentiment: but manage to appear to be in love to the object, while the rest of the world clearly see that you are only amusing yourself. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, as to all: for instance, there are many women whom coldness excites and conquers; remember Butler:

'A spider never seeks the fly,  
But leaves him of himself to' apply.'

*Never be natural when there are*

spectators; but let your artificiality be the perfection of art, and seem more natural than nature. It is better to smile than to laugh out; as Lord Chatham wisely told his nephew, '*Risus inepto res ineptior nulla est.*' The man who carries 'his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at,' will find the daws everywhere; he will get no credit for honesty, only for folly—and half the world will believe him to be a knave whose cloak of simplicity is clumsily worn.

Never persevere in a habit or a folly, that doesn't suit you. It is better to be unable to do a thing, even a fashionable thing, than to be able to do it badly or awkwardly. Of course the majority of men are fools—but think what a number of men there are, and you will be indeed blinded by conceit if you imagine yourself capable of outwitting them all in such a matter. Perhaps you may remember a story told in one of his interesting compilations concerning the *beau monde* by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, concerning a fine lady who, on the occasion of a country visit from Royalty, dressed herself as a dairymaid and tried to milk—a bull! Lay that little tale to heart, my dear boy; the moral is most instructive. It is curious how seldom women understand the force of this rule: even clever ones you may often hear prattling of things to suit male hearers which they so little understand, that their interest in a man's pursuits or studies, instead of charming, repels from its rampant inanity.

Never hold strong opinions on any subject. Your great object being to please, agree with as many people as you can; and recollect that although moderation may annoy an extreme man, extreme opinion on your part will offend him; besides, a decided opinion, once given, is difficult to escape from;

and your progress through life should be like that of a general through a hostile country—a way of retreat always kept open. The man most keenly fond of argument and most hot over it will, nevertheless, set you down as a quarrelsome fellow if you argue with him; unless, indeed, you possess the art of being vanquished and owning it; but this is so difficult to do gracefully that it is of no use to mention to a tyro such as you now are.

Providence tells you to do good in secret; and most certainly, if you find it necessary to do good at all, the advice is wise. Never allow people to think that you are, or that you suppose yourself to be, better than they. Just as, in my first letter, I told you to keep, if possible, on a little eminence of intellect above your friends, so I tell you to keep in a little hollow under them when it is a question of goodness or morality. Your truly pious man cannot help having a sneaking admiration and regard for the black sheep around him; while there is not one individual, pious or the reverse, who can have any feeling but loathing for him who flaunts his virtue in the air over his head. As the greatest moralist that ever lived said: 'Hatred and persecution come more from our good than our bad deeds.' And wherefore should a wise man court 'hatred and persecution?' Always keep on good terms with the great people of the world; but avoid most carefully any appearance of toadying them. Nothing makes a man, especially a young one, so unpopular as the suspicion of 'hanging on,' and no advantages make up for unpopularity of this kind. Of course, if you were a *parvenu*, and had to climb by any branch that you could grasp, I should speak differently; then it might be neces-



nary for you to fetch and carry, and scent out amusements for, and echo the opinions of, some young and brainless Croesus—taking the chance of his leaving you, by change of mind or death, some day, like Wolsey after his fall, naked to your enemies. (And every little cur who envied you your place of favourite would have you by the heels when you were unfavouritised). But as it is, you need not rise by any such dirty road; and your manner with the persons whom the world delights to honour must, while most polite and refined, express equality in every shade and tone. I speak of public occasions: spare no flattery, no meanness, no offer of even base services, when you are alone with a great man. To be a toady, and to receive a toady's rewards, without having to do his dirty work, or being known as such by society, is the highest achievement of the art of 'getting on.'

Remember, too, that a great lady (I do not mean only a great lady by birth—a stockbroker's or money-lender's wife may be one for a season, though they seldom last) is always beautiful even at sixty years, and that you incur but little danger of being suspected of toadyism by being her *cavalier* *sergente*. Be very careful in your gossip. A man with none to tell is put down by women as dull, and, of course, you must never be suspected of that worse than crime; but a man with much of it is never really liked—he is too dangerous a plaything, too keen-edged a tool, and, besides, he runs the risk of being compared by men with the tea-drinking, dowager-taking-to-supper, non-shooting and non-hunting little dandies, whom I remember the 'Saturday Review's' christening, somewhat happily, 'Tame Cats.' These men, in their otherwise praiseworthy efforts to

please women, have forgotten that the principal male attribute any woman likes, is manliness. If Hercules will put down his club awhile, and rest from his mighty labours over a skein of worsted, so much more are they ready to admire his manly frame; but a Hercules who has no club, and could not lift it if he had one—a Hercules who knows more of worsted than of feats of strength—such a one they may amuse themselves with while other men are absent—such a one they may value, just as the news-bringing pedlar was valued in old days, but in their hearts they despise him. And he works in a bad service; for there is no retiring pension. Directly his brain gets rusty and his gossip insipid he is dismissed, a pauper on the face of society.

Be careful how you acquire the name of a clever man. Such a reputation is inimical to popularity with men, and is most difficult to sustain properly; for you are expected to be always at full cock, and your neighbours at dinner are apt to be disappointed with your conversation, when, had they known nothing of your talents, they would have considered it delightful.

The art of conversation has been treated by many writers; but I cannot call to mind one who really affords any assistance in the difficult science. One tells us to talk much, another to talk little, another to think well over what we are about to say, and to prepare for the tournament of talk; while another insists that all conversation worth a rush must be spontaneous, and tells us that prepared brilliancy is very dim. The fact is, that the only possible rule on the subject must be: talk to suit your company, and therefore talk little till you are sure of it. The cleverest conversationalist will be



dull if he chooses the wrong subjects; and when every one has corns, how can we walk pleasantly through a crowd in the dark?

I happened to be in London the other day, and strolled into a few clubs, with a view to hearing what was now the staple Club talk—for your edification, my dear boy. I have given my whole mind to making you a success.

In Black's I found two elderly gentlemen in the big chairs in the bow-window, and six or seven reading the papers at the table. One or two of the latter occasionally read out a piece of intelligence from his journal, which, as all the others were at that moment reading, or had just read, the same item, drew out scarcely more conversation than a grunt or nod of assent. But the two old gentlemen—both of them friends of mine, and both esteemed to have parts in days gone by—were conversing eagerly, and I drew near hopefully, looking forward to hearing a scrap of that brilliant epigram, a morsel of the quip and crank which of old days had often set my table in a roar. They both joyfully greeted me, and appealed to me to decide the question between them, as to whether it was or was not true that one of Vestris's legs, in her best days, was not a tenth of an inch larger than the other! I walked down the street, and turned into Foodle's, where I found five officers of the Life Guards (Green) extolling the merits of the extra dry (medicated) champagne, just introduced to London by a spirited wine-merchant, at twelve shillings a bottle, and excitedly discussing the relative sizes of their fathers' wine-glasses. At last, after some asperity had been shown, Limbo, the son of old Limbo, known as 'the Squire,' put an end to the competition by avowing, with a terrible oath (involving a most in-

delicate allusion to his grandmother) that his father's glasses would give them all 'two stone and a beating,' for they held each a quart.

From Foodle's I strolled down to the Household Club; but as the conversation there turned principally on whether Hobkins would or would not do Jobkins's guard next Monday; and dwelt a long time on the important question whether, if the captains were divided into two parts, and Tobkins made the uneven number, he, Tobkins, should be of the first or second half, or both, or neither; while many playful jokes were made concerning Nobkin's having given the word 'Right half turn,' instead of 'Half right turn' at the field-day that morning, I soon crossed the street, and flattered myself that within the aristocratic walls of the *Three Feathers* I should find the refined and intellectual converse I was in search of. I came at an unlucky moment. Lord Boysterous had just accused the Duke of Orangepeel of cheating at cards: while the duke, nobly ignoring the imputation, had refrained from doing more than simply intimating that Lord Boysterous came of a mushroom and plebeian race. At the other end of the room a knot of members were discussing the question of whether the Marquis of Rugby could or could not substantiate an accusation of fraudulent conduct in the city he had brought against Sir Plantagenet Cressy; while at the window two noble earls who had given each other the lie the night before were sensibly shaking hands over a couple of glasses of sherry and bitters. Advancing years having deprived me of some of that fierce courage for which I was once celebrated, I deemed it prudent to leave the club immediately; and determined to seek the quiet

atmosphere of the 'Macready,' where at least I thought I should assuredly find, among the men of letters, some repose, if not recreation, for the mind.

'See that thing in the "Friday Reviler" about B——?' said an elderly man seated near me in the smoking-room to another in whom I recognised one of our leading novelists.

'Yes,' answered the latter, 'very hot it was—why?'

'Don't you know?' replied the other. 'Why B——'s wife forgot to ask S—— (S—— is a Friday Reviler) S——'s wife to her ball the other day. "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*"'

'But tell me,' asked the novelist, 'why was that trash of D——'s, a man whom I detest (he blackballed me from the 'Minerva' I have reason to know), and whom I always cut to pieces in the "Thunderer"—why was that trash so be-battered in the "Piccadilly Gazette?"'

'God bless my soul!' responded the elderly gentleman. 'Didn't you know that old Brown, the proprietor of the "Piccadilly" has a daughter engaged to D——'s nephew—its a family arrangement.' But fearing to know too many of the secrets of the critical trade I forsook my chair, and gave up my search for conversation among the clubs of London: remarking, as I passed by the open door of the 'Macready' dining-room, two gentlemen at dinner at six o'clock, one of whom was picking his teeth with his fork, while the other displayed hands which must have been for weeks innocent of soap and water. My dear boy, you should pity your uncle, who braved even such horrors in his devotion to your education.

Never do anything without thought; never let your only

excuse for an unwise action be, 'I wasn't thinking.' 'Cogito, ergo sum,'—if you do not think you have no business to exist. How many miserable couples have we not seen, wretched beings, doomed to fight a lifelong duel with no victories to either side, simply because on one occasion the man has spoken a few words without thought, or the woman has listened to them with her mind out of her grasp. But the earth would not be peopled if marriages were never made save after due reflection.

Go to church at least once a week: and if you ask me which church, I should be inclined to advise that in which you are certain to meet most of your acquaintances. Behave well when there, though there would be much awkwardness and ignorance of *savoir faire* in not giving your lady friends the pleasure of seeing that you admire them as much on Sunday as on a week-day. Whatever may be said to the contrary, women do not dress entirely for their own sex; and there is something holy about eye-flirtation in church which commends itself especially to the female mind. Freddy Billious, *quondam* adventurer and cotillon leader, who married the great Scotch heiress, Miss Strippet, last year, won her from a dozen better-to-do suitors, simply by ogling her Sunday after Sunday in church for a whole season before he was introduced to her. It was a perpetual excitement for the girl, and her decent Scotch mind felt grateful to him for making her love the holy day more even than she had done in her school-room days; while there was a pleasantness about the feeling that he only dared gaze on her from a distance, and pray with her (perhaps for her), and did not assail her in the

usual unsentimental small-talk fashion. Now she has married him, poor girl, she must have discovered how empty and despicable he is: and that episode of the hack, which he purchased to ride in the park with her upon for the fortnight he allowed himself between introduction and proposal, for 300*l.* if he got her and nothing if he failed; must, when it became known to her, have opened her young eyes to a disagreeably wide extent. They say she allows him ten shillings a day pocket-money, and regulates his hours and habits; a fate which his very clever mode of courtship scarcely deserved. Depend upon it, at any rate, that it is a good and respectable thing to go to church: we are not wicked in these days, and no man is disliked or despised for religion as long as he keeps it to himself, and does not allow it to stand in the way of his helping in any vice that is going forward. As to the different creeds now in vogue, keep clear of them, at least for the present. When Mr. Gladstone has disestablished the church, or when Mr. Cowper Temple has arranged that we may find a costermonger in the pulpit one Sunday and a 'rescued woman' the next, it will be time to cast about for a suitable sect. At present, the English church is good enough for an English gentleman. Remember, too, that jokes on religious subjects are in bad taste; they are so very

easy that any witting may be beforehand with you; and our West End folk are most austere in their morals and careful of holy observances; as, indeed, we saw by the inhabitants of St. Peter's parish putting up no awnings when they gave balls last Lent: for after what their stern pastor had said, what could they do but avoid the outward and visible signs of the inward and unspiritual dancing?

Lastly, my dear boy, never take your guard off yourself. You can never be too much of a man of the world to make a slip and render yourself ridiculous; thereby lose your self-respect, your moral character, and subside into hideous second-rate-ness.

Remember that *Æsop's* damsel who had been a cat sat demurely at table till a mouse ran before her. There is no knowing when the trial may come; some pretty face with big eyes will some day be close to yours; the terrible words which may blast your whole destiny will tremble on your tongue; the passion which no intellectual gentleman should feel, will shake your frame. Oh then remember what your old uncle tells you: love is sawdust; passion is beastiality; the world is your enemy; woman the leader of the world, therefore your arch-enemy. Think of yourself only, and be strong.

Your affectionate uncle,  
G — H — .



## NOTES ON POPULAR ACTORS.

'I WAS always fond of the society of players,' says Charles Lamb, an enthusiast whose love for the theatre not even failure there could for a moment dim. There is a general attraction in all that relates to artists in any calling, perhaps specially to actors; and so, being much interested in plays and players, we propose to discuss the contents of our theatrical note-book, and string together a few ideas gathered from a study of some popular actors.

The subject is too expansive to admit of a long introduction; and opening our notes we come across the name of Mr. Toole, with whom it is perhaps best to begin.

We are very far from advancing for one moment that Mr. Toole is the first actor on the English stage; but he has one title to consideration which in these material times it is impossible to overlook: there is more money in him than in any other—perhaps than in any two other—of the popular actors. Managers are not invariably the most yielding of men; experience soon teaches them precisely what a man is worth; and they do not beg an actor to come to their terms, and carry away sums which probably amount to nearer 1000*l.* than 500*l.* a month, unless they are well assured that the experiment will prove successful to them. There must be something in a man who has commanded, and can retain, a position such as Mr. Toole holds; and we think the chief something is a wonderfully developed innate sense of fun. His comic manner, voice, and gestures are simply irresistible. You may say that his performances in the 'Princess of Trebizonde,'

'Aladdin II.,' 'Ali Baba,' and his favourite farces, are not based upon any recognised principles of the art of acting; but—you laugh. His stump speeches and lectures are hideously bald, taken by themselves; but taken from Mr. Toole they are infinitely ludicrous. He has, too, a wide compass of capabilities; but it is as you go higher in the scale that his work becomes less satisfactory. In that range of parts which is generally called Robsonian—the blending of pathos, sentiment, and humour—deficiencies are apparent, and the chief deficiency is, a retention of his own individuality; an inability to merge his identity into that of the character he represents. Mr. Toole is not Uncle Dick, nor Trotty Veck, nor quite Caleb Plummer. He is Mr. Toole; acting the part, and being very pathetic, and touching, and speaking in a soft, tender voice, and sometimes nearly making you cry; but always Mr. Toole. It may sound paradoxical, but is probably true, that if he had not been such a great actor, he would have been a better one; for being a star, having no one to check his 'wild career,' and having parts fitted to him, he has got into a certain groove from which extraction would be very difficult, if not impossible. Dogberry, Touchstone, and such like parts, he cannot touch; and his Paul Pry is not satisfactory. The best played character (by the way) in the Gaiety prunings from this comedy is Mr. Maclean's Colonel Hardy; as assuredly the worst is Miss Farren's Phoebe—an utterly mistaken rendering. Phoebe's gentleness is a foil to Colonel Hardy's bluster, and the effect of her speeches is gained by speaking

them sily and quietly; but Miss Farren is a vivacious actress, and displays her vivacity here with a vengeance. When Hardy storms, she storms, and when he rages, so does she; the result is that their scenes are quite spoilt.

Mr. Toole is an established tower of strength, and we could better spare several better men; but for all that he is not truly a great artist.

Perhaps a little after Mr. Toole in popularity, but assuredly not after him in ability, is Mr. George Honey. Mr. Honey is a thorough artist. Genuine talent, fostered by experience and study, and by a conscientious regard for his author, enables him to render parts with a perfect consistency which is amongst the rarest, as it is amongst the greatest, of the necessities of his calling. Take the last four rôles he has played—Eccles in 'Caste,' Our Mr. Jenkins in 'Two Roses,' Mr. Graves in 'Money,' and the Baron de Trente-Sept-Tourelles in the 'Bohemians' (if the latter can be termed a rôle). Characters could not be more widely dissimilar, and yet each one suited Mr. Honey; or rather, Mr. Honey entirely suited himself to it. Each one was a careful study, with essentially different characteristics, the details filled in with care, and the whole round and true. There was no peculiar chuckle or wink illegitimately permeating each part because it had proved serviceable before; no going out of the way to gain applause or laughter by the introduction of any business which did not spring naturally from the character. The actor's personality was never thrust upon you; for the time being he had no personality but that of the person he was representing; and in Eccles, where there was an opportunity for the display of power, power

was forthcoming. As for the Baron in the 'Bohemians,' how Mr. Honey came to play it at all is a mystery; and why he should have been engaged with his long reputation as a buffo singer, and have no buffo song, is perhaps more apparent to Mr. Farnie and Mr. Hingston than to the public in general. Take Biles, again, in 'Miriam's Crime:' here was a drunken scene, but an entirely different variety of drunkenness from Eccles! How utterly ludicrous, and yet how entirely real, was the portrayal where Biles makes an inventory of the furniture, and the room seeming to his bemused brain to be turning round, he gravely enters on the list, his pencil following a vague circle before it settles on the paper, 'One revolving carpet.' He does not look at the house, and grimace to emphasize the joke, as so many comedians would do, and of course his seeming belief in the reality of his sensations gives the strongest possible point to the speech. One of Mr. Honey's greatest successes has been with Touchstone (in Dublin, where Miss Charlotte Saunders played Audrey excellently), and it is not the least of them that he has rendered the character of a male-woman not only unrepulsive, but amusing. In not the best of Mr. Byron's burlesques, 'Lucretia Borgia,' produced some years back at the Holborn, he played the heroine with the effect recorded; a feat which no one has accomplished since the death of James Rogers. Here was true burlesque; the make-up, the walk, the prim pursed-up mouth, the carriage of the head. Mr. Honey did not dance, and shake his petticoats; he did not turn round his dress and extract a brandy-bottle from the *panier*, or use any of those bits of business which male-women think so ex-

quisitely humorous, and the balance of humanity so entirely disagreeable. The performance was what it represented itself to be, the carefully considered caricature of a haughty woman. There is not room here to speak of his achievements in English opera, though his parts in the 'Puritan's Daughter,' 'Robin Hood,' &c., rise before us as we write; but we may sum up by saying that there is not a more satisfactory artist on the English stage than Mr. Honey.

Quite up in the first flight of comedians is Mr. Compton; erst a pillar of the Haymarket, but now wandering in sequestered and somewhat useless by-ways at the Globe. His humour is exquisite; there is that reticence about it to which only a true artist ever attains; and beyond the rich dryness of his tone (if we may use the phrase) is an indescribable look in the lustreless eyes which is of the utmost service to many of the characters he affects. The mannerism, a drawback in some parts, suits others—Malvolio, for instance; or, better still, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. If you have not seen the latter, it is easy to imagine the delightful stolidity with which he would enunciate the strange and scarcely half accredited conclusion at which the foolish knight arrives about himself in a moment of uncertainty and doubt: 'Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has.' And then the semi-relief in the explanation of this great and almost incredible phenomenon: 'but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.' (A speech which is only paralleled in its utter deliciousness by 'sweet Jack Falstaff's' reproach to the Prince: 'Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing;

but now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.') Then after he has threatened to ride home, and his friend Sir Toby says, '*Pourquoi*, my dear knight?' you can fancy Compton's blank inquiry: 'What is *pourquoi*?—do, or not do?' Surely he is worthy of a place in the gallery of great comedians.

A valuable compeer of Mr. Compton in the old Haymarket days, was Mr. Chippendale, an excellent representative of an excellent school. Perhaps too much is sometimes made of the decadence of the modern stage, and the perfection of the last generation of players. It may be true that many recruits are now drafted from a class a little higher socially than of yore, and young men have the advantage of better education and more extended reading than was possible—or at least, usual—forty years ago; but the older school of actors had this immense advantage, they learned the rudiments of their profession; theatrical agents were not so numerous; a man must have passed through a course of regular provincial training before he could obtain a London engagement, and the capacity for wearing a well-cut suit of clothes was not then considered a passport to the Metropolitan boards, as—if we may judge by what we see—it now sometimes is. Utter rawness is even more offensive than stagniness. We should like to have Charles Lamb's opinion on the actors of to-day, if the mediums could manage it for us—as who would not like to have his opinion on any matter?—and we feel sure that he would highly approve of Mr. Chippendale. What could be better than his Sir Anthony Absolute—unless it be his Sir Peter Teazle? The emblems are perfect; a certain hardness in the actor's voice and



manner fits the characters exactly, and the effort to subdue it—as in some speeches with Lady Teazle—is thoroughly in keeping with the impersonation. There is such an old-world look about the actor in his Georgian dress; he seems to be a veritable resuscitation of a gentleman of the last century.

Another 'old man'—Mr. Hare—should certainly have a prominent station in the gallery of popular actors, as the possessor of wonderful dramatic aptitude and intelligence; but we are quite unable to accord him the position he is supposed, by injudiciously partial friends, to occupy, until we have some reasonable grounds for doing so. Of Mr. Hare's old gentlemen it may be said, *ex uno disce omnes*. There is a certain strong family likeness extending through the whole series, which would almost incline one to believe in something nearer than a universal cousinship amongst the upper classes of society. Sir Patrick Lundie, in 'Man and Wife,' sits down, and crosses his legs, and straightens his back, and holds his arms stiffly by his sides, and bears his head just as Lord Ptarmigan did in 'Society,' and as the Russian prince did in 'Ours,' and as Bruce did in 'Play,' and as Beau Farintosh did in 'School,' and the other old gentleman did in 'M.P.,' and as Sir John Vesey did in 'Money;' but in all these parts (with one exception) there was no opportunity for the display of that dramatic depth and intensity which we cannot take it for granted Mr. Hare possesses, and which we have never seen him display. The one exception is, of course, the third act of 'School,' and probably none of Mr. Hare's many admirers will pronounce that scene to have been his best performance. During the first two acts of the play he had

been a little easier than usual, adopting somewhat the manner of the lawyer he played in 'A Hundred Thousand Pounds' (perhaps the best thing Mr. Hare ever did), but in the third act the rigidity and stiffness returned, and emotion was to some extent shown by their intensification. There were good details even in this; a true ring of pathos at times in the voice; but the *ensemble* lacked finish: showed, in fact, that the actor was not strong enough for the situation. We were not disappointed, and not surprised; all that he did was precisely what we expected he would do. In 'How She Loves Him' he managed the stutter (a hazardous experiment) effectively, but here he was stiffer than usual—probably because no one else took such pains, and made so many useful suggestions at rehearsal, as Mr. Robertson, the author of most of the pieces in which Mr. Hare has appeared. Sam Gerridge, in 'Caste,' was good in conception and details, and showed an adaptability in Mr. Hare which gives colour to the belief that he may ultimately attain the position which we are sometimes called upon to believe that he already occupies.

An ordinarily good magazine recently expressed an opinion that Mr. Coghlan was an imitator of Mr. Montague, and 'had already succeeded in catching his voice,' &c. This seems to us like asserting that the eagle is an imitation of the hawk. Probably Mr. Coghlan is quite satisfied with his own voice, but assuredly neither in voice nor manner does he bear any resemblance to Mr. Montague. We give that gentleman every credit for his 'nice' manner, his pleasant tone and bearing; but it is the height of absurdity to compare his pretty tenderness to Mr. Coghlan's robust and vigorous



style. Mr. Coghlan is an actor: Mr. Montague has never shown himself to be more than a *jeune premier*; indeed, it is very difficult to settle his proper position; for, whereas, he plays his small range of characters very smoothly and pleasantly—excellently, in fact—and makes love very charmingly, he has never done anything to exhibit those qualities which a finished actor should possess. It may be urged that one does not expect a light comedian to be more than a light comedian, and to go and play 'Macbeth,' but, fully admitting this, before the general term *actor* should be applied to any one, we expect him to show a more extended range of power, a greater mastery of emotion, than Mr. Montague has hitherto done. Mr. Coghlan plays Mr. Montague's part satisfactorily; but has Mr. Montague ever done anything to lead us to suppose that he could touch Geoffrey Delamayne, or Alfred Evelyn, or the part that Mr. Coghlan played in the comedietta with which Mr. Mansell opened the Lyceum some time since—called, we think, 'Corrupt Practices?' Mr. Honey is a low comedian, but he played Eccles, amongst other characters, and proved himself therein, as he had often done before, to be an actor. Mr. Toole is a low comedian; so is Mr. John Clarke, but he played Quilp in a string of dialogue which Mr. Halliday said was a play, and christened 'Little Nell.' A man rides steadily along smooth roads on his quiet old shooting pony, and is consequently a rider; but when we hear of a horseman we expect to find one capable of governing a variety of animals, not disconcerted, but master of the situation, when special requirements are made upon his skill, and the way is rough. Mr. Montague has only (successfully) taken his way

along the smooth path of sentimental light comedy. In the translation of 'Marcel,' produced recently at the Globe under the title of 'Tears, Idle Tears,' he was inadequate to the requirements made upon him. The part was out of his limited line of business; and, as was the case when he went on some time since for Romeo in a scene from that play, the absence of a sufficient dramatic training was clearly perceptible.

We have already alluded to Mr. Coghlan in 'Money' in terms of praise. Alfred Evelyn is an extremely difficult part to play. If he shows any disposition to preach through some of the awkward speeches; if he loses his way when half through one of them, and subsides into the style of a professional elocutionist, he rapidly becomes an unmitigated nuisance; while if, on the other hand, he walks through the part, and talks in a conversational light-comedy manner he simply degenerates into a bore. Mr. Coghlan steered carefully between the extremes—in *medio tutissimus ivit*—and the result was a very fine performance. He has the game pretty much in his own hands, and may, in time, do almost anything.

Probably none of the popular actors is more discussed now than Mr. Henry Irving, whose deserved rise in public estimation has been so sudden. Four years ago he was playing Bob Gassitt at the Queen's Theatre in 'Dearer than Life,' and his hearers had no special sentiment with regard to him beyond one of general respect. (Of course a large number of clever people saw the promise in him, and always knew that he would do something great; but they all kept their opinion to themselves until he had made his hit.) In 'Love or Money,' the very mild play with which the Vaudeville opened, he

did all that was possible with his part, which did not amount to much; but when 'Two Roses' was produced he had his chance; and, taking it, secured at one bound a prominent place in the profession, and very materially contributed to the success of that most lucky play—for where would the 'Two Roses' have been two months after its production but for Digby Grant and Our Mr. Jenkins, and for the fact that Mr. Montague was in the piece and had some of that mild love to make which he does so well? There was a reality about Mr. Irving's conception and execution of the part, apparent alike to the discriminating and uncritical amongst the audiences which filled the theatre for so many nights; and Mr. Irving became an established favourite. As Mr. Chenevix, in 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' at the Gaiety, he gave life to a sketch which Mr. Byron had not filled in; but the part possessed no opportunities; and in 'Fanchette,' at the Lyceum, his part was worse still. Then came Matthias, in 'The Bells'—a brilliant success. Amongst the praises of this performance a whisper used to insert itself that it was 'just a trifle too strong,' 'a shade or two overdone;' but there was no proof of the competence of the critics who said so. It is very easy to sit in a comfortable stall and mildly give vent to feeble criticisms to support which no reasons are adduced; but very hard to realise, and infinitely harder to portray, the effect that so terrible a consciousness of guilt—so fearful a haunting phantom—would have upon the murderer of the Polish Jew. 'Charles I.' followed, and we listened for some time with critical attention until, led away by the extreme truth of the scene, an intense sympathy killed all other

feelings. The playing of this great part is a notable achievement—a performance of which any actor might be proud; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Irving has earned a lasting place in the dramatic annals of the day.

Had we been observing any order or sequence in these notes—as, for reasons, we have not—Phelps, Webster, Charles Mathews, and Buckstone should, perhaps, have been spoken of before. They, and several others, deserve more room than we can devote to them.

Mr. Phelps is an actor who illuminates the traditions of a good old school by experience, learning, and talent. If his 'Othello' is not the best of his performances, it is the best on the stage. Mr. Webster has done good service to the profession for many long years. It is now thirty-three years back that he, at that time an old actor of over twenty years' experience, was so much praised for his Young Wildrake in the 'Love Chase' at the Haymarket. That he is a master of pathos those can tell who have seen his Triplet in 'Masks and Faces,' or Penn Holder in 'One Touch of Nature.' Mr. Buckstone is—Buckstone: eminently a low comedian; and he plays Shakesperian and legitimate parts in a Buckstonian manner. We may say of Mr. Charles Mathews that he is the essence of perfect light comedy.

Mr. Lionel Brough was cast for Tony Lumpkin some time since at the St. James's Theatre under Mrs. Wood's management, and 'She Stoops to Conquer' had a run; but though there were undoubted merits in Mr. Brough's version of the part, we cannot accept it as Tony Lumpkin. There was a great deal too much 'clowning' about it: Tony is not such

an utter boor as he was here represented to be. Mr. Brough's laugh was unsatisfactory: too often repeated, and savouring too much of idiocy. The best thing he ever did was undoubtedly Uncle Ben in 'Dearer than Life,' a very excellent bit of character painting.

The idea that an actor can 'bill' himself into popularity is, we fancy, rapidly exploding; for the more glaring of the recent attempts have been such failures that would-be favourites—*soi-disant* stars—who know that their only chance of obtaining a brief notoriety is by blazing out on walls as blank as their abilities, are growing rather shy of wasting their money. Nearly every one nowadays knows that the glaring posters and lithographs of this class of people are paid for by the actors themselves—or rather by the persons who profess to act the characters. The public finds out what is good very rapidly, and goes to see it whether it is in the Strand, or the Tottenham Court Road, or at Islington, and actors who really make 'brilliant successes' and 'enormous hits' do not need to placard the fact all over the town. Miss Trottie Montmorency is not necessarily a great actress because her counterfeit presentment smirks at you from half the public house windows in London. Neither you nor anybody else had ever heard of her last year, and next year she will, happily, have sunk again into her native obscurity.

Mr. Samuel Emery is an artist; and he plays Peggotty in one of Mr. Halliday's *réchauffés* of Dickens, and plays it admirably. He is absolutely perfect in appearance, voice, and gesture; there almost seems to be a pervading odour of salt-water about the theatre when he enters. Another gentleman goes on for Micawber, and the result is ghastly—simply ghastly.

He clowns, and the gallery laughs, but Micawber! Yet on the walls there is no Peggotty; but the 'brilliant success' of Micawber overwhelms you at the end of every street. Now were there any truth in billing, Peggotty should have eighty times Micawber's bills, with the outer ring of St. Paul's Churchyard and the sunny side of Pall Mall in addition. We do not forget how Mr. Emery played another old sailor in a very charming little piece called 'Old Salt' at the Strand some years since. Poor Nelly Moore was in the cast: we shut our eyes to remember more clearly her graceful tenderness, her delicate humour, her charm—perhaps to restrain the effect of memories of a very dear little lady who has left a great blank in many hearts.

That very satisfactory actor, Mr. W. Belford, was also in 'Old Salt,' and made the character of a lawyer's clerk thoroughly amusing; and in it Mr. David James showed promise which, if he has not quite redeemed already, he seems likely in the end to fulfil. In the recent revival of 'London Assurance' at the Vaudeville, his Dolly Spanker was by far the best played part in the piece.

Mr. H. J. Byron claims a place now amongst established popular actors; and while speaking of him it is impossible not to say a word of the splendid work he has done in every branch of dramatic literature. His comedies—'Cyril's Success,' 'Partners for Life,' and the numerous others—are among quite the first of his time; his burlesques—'Aladdin,' 'Ali Baba,' and about forty more—are, for the most part, the best that have ever been produced; and a few years ago burlesque was burlesque, actors and actresses played it, and gentlemen and gentlewomen were able to go and see it, which is very

rarely the case now. He has written dramas, pantomimes, stories, verses—everything; and the way he embodies his own characters is a treat to us. De Lacy Fitzaltamont in the 'Prompter's Box' (revived at the Strand as the 'Two Stars') was an admirable conception. Mr. Byron acts all over; while standing against the chimney-piece with his back to the audience the amount of expression he got out of attitude was something wonderful,—to note one point where so many were noteworthy. His fault (we speak of his literary work) is that he does not always bestow enough time on what he writes—very excusable when we know what demands are made upon eminently successful men; but if he ever does himself full justice, he, beyond all other living dramatic authors, will do lasting work.

No pretence is made in this paper to include all whose position would entitle them to consideration in an article treating exhaustively of the stage. No mention has been made of Mr. Hermann Vezin, an actor of real power; of Mr. Bancroft, who, if he has shown us nothing great, has been nearly perfect in all that he has done;

of Messrs. Creswick, Henry Neville, Belmore; nor of many others.

A legend is in the air that the 'drama is declining,' and that 'there are no actors now,' but where the legend arises we cannot tell: none we ever met was senselessly bold enough to advance it; and surely while we have such men as those named in these pages lovers of the stage need not despair.

This paper was written some months since, but subsequent events have, we think, justified the opinions expressed in it. Mr. Irving has added to his reputation by 'Eugene Aram,' Mr. Montague shown his inability to render the stronger side of Claude Melnotte's character; and Mr. Toole has appeared in new pieces with the usual results. We must also accord a short sentence of praise to Mr. Edward Saker, a Liverpool actor, for his performance at the Globe in a drama called 'Coming Home.' The piece, if not altogether satisfactory, contained some pretty ideas, and Mr. Saker showed that he has studied in a good school, and possesses the capacity to turn his training to the best account.

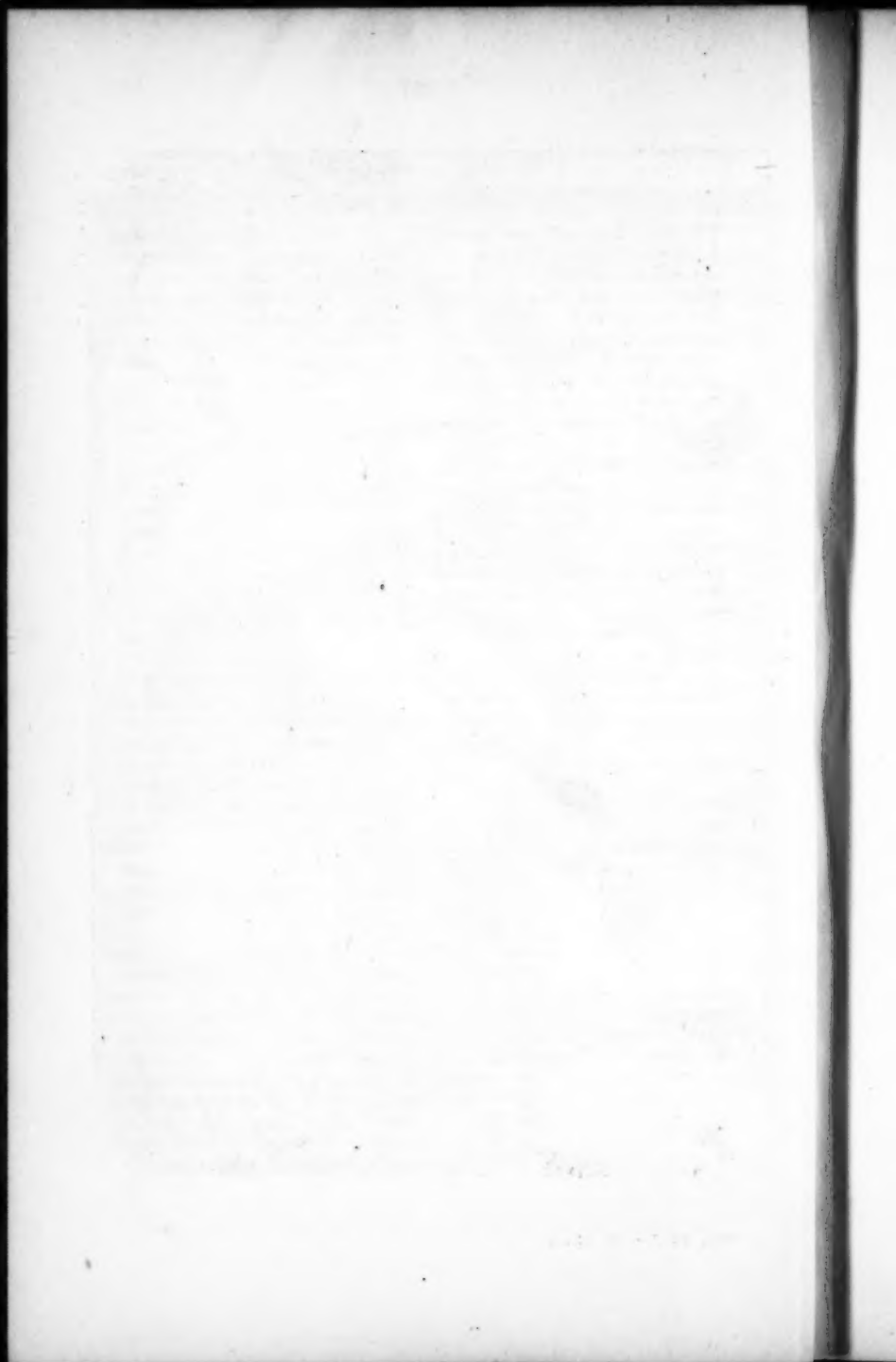
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[Drawn by J. J. Johnson.]

'ROSES ON THE BALCONY.'





## FRENCH NOVELISTS.

VII.—*Eugène Sue.*

IF Mr. Francis Galton, at the date of writing his powerful and remarkable work upon 'Hereditary Genius,' had been acquainted with the ancestry of Eugène Sue, he would probably have deemed it worth while to include the novelist and his progenitors among the examples of heredity. Some one—is it not Lord Lytton?—broaches, in a novel, the notion that, average artistic vision having now become somewhat exhausted and conventional, we must expect to find the most conspicuous genius of the future in the sphere of art, in a man who, having developed and perfected his ideal in any one art, brings his mature vision to bear upon the untried ground of some sister study; unlocking, as he proceeds, its most subtle and unthought-of meanings by the key of the art he knows. It is probable that a certain originality might thus be attained, owing to the consideration of familiar objects from an unwonted point of view, and under a new aspect. If all arts can be proved to be various only in their external manifestations, and to be inwardly the same—'diversities of gift, but the same spirit'—if poetry, painting, music, proceed from the same spiritual quality differently externalized, we may imagine also that all intellectual developments or imaginative specialties have a similar internal correspondence. Mr. Dante Rossetti may be taken as an illustration of the clothing of one spirit in different dresses, he having transferred the pro-Raphaelite character of his painting into the exquisitely-finished forms and lovely colourings of his verse, as well as having carried his poetic stamp into the heart of his painting.

In looking upon Eugène Sue and his progenitors, we may note a still more curious and complex kind of spiritual transfer, which may be contemplated at the same time from Mr. Galton's point of view and from that which we have attributed to Lord Lytton. Sue's grandfather, Jean Joseph Sue (1710-92), was one of the most remarkable medical professors of his time. To save his pupils the trouble and tedium of overmuch practical dissection, he caused huge charts to be produced, whereon were represented, in their natural size, all parts of the body in anatomical detail. He was possessed of a quite celebrated collection of monstrosities. To what convolution of the brain can we attribute a special faculty or taste like this? Under whatever bump, phrenologically speaking, such characteristic qualities may have resided, they appear to have been fully reproduced in the son in quite another sphere. Whilst the grandfather painted, in realistic and often ghastly hues, detail by detail, limb by limb, the body anatomical; the grandson painted, with the very same colours, in the identical realistic fashion, detail by detail, the body social. Whilst the grandfather collected bodily monstrosities for his museum, the grandson scoured the slums and evil haunts of Paris for monstrosities of character to add to his prodigious romances. Eugène Sue's father, too, was a famous anatomist, author of several works of weirdly-sounding titles, as, for instance, 'Opinion on the Guillotine, and on the pain that survives decapitation,' or again, 'Essays on the physiognomy of living bodies, ranging from the plant to

the man.' The son used the literary scalpel with a truly medical *sang-froid*, and bared the very nerves of his puppets' purposes in his novels. How he loves to anatomise, to analyse, to probe! With what cruel calm does he not reveal the horrid epidermis of an evil-scarred villain! And, still keeping in our minds the professional point of view, to what picture more thoroughly medical could we point than to that afforded us at the close of the romance of the 'Wandering Jew?' 'Round a funeral vault, faintly illumined by the blueish light of a silver lamp, six dead bodies were ranged upon black biers, dressed in long black robes. . . . They appeared to be asleep. Their eyelids were closed, their hands crossed over their breasts. . . . One would have said that these last of the Renneponts had only just expired. They seemed to be in the first hour of the eternal sleep.' (Author's note: 'Should this appear incredible, we would remind the reader of the marvelous discoveries in the art of embalming, particularly Dr. Gannal's.') . . . 'I need not show you the certificates of their death. There they are in person.' Coming after the intense and vivid struggles depicted in the interminable pages of the 'Wandering Jew,' this pale ghastly picture of six embalmed corpses produces a certain effect; but the impression received is not deep; the stamp is not sharp enough; there is an air of flatness pervading the whole. The picture is too suggestive of an anatomical museum to produce half the effect which might result from it, even with a writer of less command of medical minutiae, were he possessed of a more natural and less specialised imagination. When we are told that one of the bystanders ventures to touch the

hands of one of the corpses, and finds that they are 'damp and pliant, though cold as ice,' we do not feel the horror that might be expected. The fact is, that we are led, not into an atmosphere of human dread, but into a professional dissecting-room, aromatic with the odours of embalmment. As another example of the weird psychological studies of which Sue was so fond, we may point to the physical effects said to be produced, one upon the other, by the intense affection for each other of the inseparable sisters described in the 'Wandering Jew.' Sue is not alone among novelists in such studies as we may describe as belonging to the abnormal medical order. Wilkie Collins, in England, and O. W. Holmes, in America, have both worked in this direction.

Eugène Sue, who has acted as sponsor to so many children of the gutter, had for his own godfather a prince, and for his godmother an empress. It is worth noting, too, that he had for nurse a nanny-goat? Like Théophile Gautier, like Alexandre Dumas, like Balzac, young Sue was a slow boy at school. Dumas, with his usual avidity in doing anything which will contribute to his own glorification, when he has to consider the fact of his own juvenile obtuseness, argues that mediocrity in the classics is the essential condition of all future renown. Perhaps, as an additional reason for his after greatness, Dumas would be disposed to adduce the fact that his friend Sue, when a young man, was wont to pillage the wine-cellar of his father the doctor. Papa Sue had many noble and illustrious clients who gave him rare wines, or came to his house to drink them. The youth, who, be it remembered, became subsequently one of the advocates of equality, appears to

have thought that he had as much right to these precious vintages as any great personage amongst his father's friends; so he spared neither the Johannisberg of Metternich, nor the Liebfraumilch of the King of Prussia, nor the Tokay of the Emperor of Austria, in his thirst. More than this, he and his young friends were cruel enough to replace these dainty liquors by nameless chemical preparations of disagreeable character. Papa Sue, discovering the trick, and recognising in such precocity on the part of his son evidence of future medical celebrity, promptly obtained for him a berth as military surgeon in the army destined for Spain, in which position he served during the campaign. After the war he returned to Paris, and having for his friends the aristocrats of the *régime* of the Restoration, he launched into extravagances which rather shocked the illustrious court physician, his father. He borrowed money, and set up a magnificent chariot, with horses and groom complete. On all accounts, it was found more expedient that he should travel again; and he was enabled to transfer himself, keeping his rank, to the French naval service. He visited America and Asia, remained a short time in the Antilles, and traversed the coasts of the Mediterranean. When at home again he got into another scrape with his father, by making a feast for his friends out of a merino sheep which the old gentleman preserved as a specimen of the breed. In 1828 he embarked in the squadron that was despatched to the succour of Greece in the insurrection for independence. While on this voyage he was present at the celebrated naval battle of Navarino. It was at this period, doubtless, that his mind was so impressed with his adventures at sea and the

battles he witnessed, as to produce the result, in after years, of the naval romances which laid the foundation of his fame as a novelist. Soon after this time his maternal grandfather died, leaving him a small fortune of some eighty thousand francs. With this sum he furnished splendidly a suite of rooms, and indulged his taste for sumptuous living. In 1829 his father died, leaving him half of a very respectable fortune. After this event he renounced not only his sea-life, but also the medical profession, which it is probable he had entered more from the wish of his father to keep up the family tradition of academic honour than from any love of his own for medicine. The family was notable in that branch of science, for, in addition to his grandfather and father, already named, Sue's great uncle was a medical professor and member of the Royal Academy of Surgery. Sue junior had been nicknamed by his schoolfellows, with reference to this professional notoriety, *Sue-le-fat* (Sulfate). After his father's death he went much into society, and being handsome and dashing, and, besides, in the possession of money, which he spent freely, he had the *entrée* into the select circles of St. Germain, to which his father's friends had introduced him. There is a story about a rebuff which he met with here, which is quoted by several persons, with slight variations, but seems to be a mere *canard*. Young Sue was chatting with the Duke of Fitzjames, and addressed him in a somewhat inflated tone as follows: 'Fancy, Duke, after my literary work, my steeplechases, coursing, dining out, and the thousand occupations which the ladies give me, I have so few minutes left, that it is impossible for me to return a single visit.' 'You are fortunate,' answered the Duke, dryly, 'that

your father found time to pay visits.' This witticism is said to have lasted the noble faubourg three weeks.

After the battle of Navarino anything relating to the sea became the fashion in Parisian society. Stories of long sea voyages were the rage; and Fenimore Cooper's earlier novels, which treat of life on the sea, were brought over to Paris, translated, and eagerly devoured. Young exquisites, smooth water navigators, who had seen no other ocean than the fountains in the squares, or the placid surface of the silvery Seine, introduced a marine tinge into their conversation, and affected a nautical *brusquerie* of manner. They would cluster like bees about the studio of M. Gudin, the great marine painter of the day. Thither, too, would Sue resort, finding himself a lion amongst rose-water mariners and fictitious naval heroes. He had received the true baptism of the sea, and could descant, with some appearance of real experience, upon nautical details, the *toilette* of a frigate, or the skimming flight of a brig. He was granted a magnificent opportunity of talking 'shop' with honour.

He began to take lessons in painting, and to do a little occasional scribbling. In the former study he became one of M. Gudin's most promising pupils; in the latter he progressed until he was able to undertake more important works than mere desultory journalism. He had a reason, too, for entering upon serious labour. As a young dandy of fashionable and wealthy circles, a man of pleasure, and one of the founders of the Jockey Club, his *rôle* led him into expenses which his fortune was found inadequate to meet. His father's and grandfather's legacies were becoming exhausted, and his impending impecuniosity transformed the

extravagant Sybarite into a keen-eyed and practical man of business. As the nautical yarns which he had been in the habit of spinning before his fashionable friends had earned for him so much prestige and popularity, it occurred to him to utilize the power he had gained. He began to write naval novels. Soon the word was passed among the frequenters of the aristocratic *salons*, that a French Fenimore Cooper was come forth. A literary revolution was in progress, and the realistic narratives of one who had been a veritable spectator of the sublime drama of ocean and of the terrible human struggles that took place in the dramas that the sea was witness to, obtained a foremost place. 'Plick et Plock,' 'Atar-Gull,' 'Salamandre,' 'Vigie de Koatven,' were the chief of the earlier works which redeemed Sue from pecuniary adversity and enabled him to sustain his wonted magnificence. The hero of the first romance was a pirate captain, and the critics were in ecstasies. 'Come from the bottom of the waves which were your glorious tombs!' said one rhapsodical reviewer—'come filibusters, buccaneers, corsairs, pirates, wolves of the sea! You have at last a Homer to sing you the mysterious Iliad of the ocean!' In another novel was shown the negro-slaver engaged in his horrid traffic. In a third, 'Gitane,' a contrabandist supplied the interest of the plot. In 'Vigie' the illustrious officers of the French navy were grouped together. In 'Salamandre' the hero is the fighting captain, who, by his glorious exploits abroad, upholds a beneficent, protecting shield over his compatriots at home. The novels of this series were chiefly intricate combinations of murders, plots, villainies, intrigues, conspiracies, and things horrible and sanguinary in general. They

brought, however, much grist to their author's mill, and enabled him to keep up his prodigal display of wealth and luxury. In a review of one of Sue's works, Balzac wrote as follows—whether with an unalloyed admiration, or some ironical sense, it would be difficult to make sure:—'If you are going to the Bois de Boulogne, take care; put no impediment in the way of that brilliant chariot; you would hurl to the ground all the pretty corvettes and sprightly frigates of our maritime literature. That brilliant chariot, drawn by two mettlesome horses, is the turn-out of the Lord-High-Admiral of our literature, Eugène Sue.'

Our novelist, who had gained his place owing to the public's passion for novelty, and its weariness of old-fashioned writing, was sharp enough to perceive when the interest in his own works was beginning to flag. So soon as he detected the smallest tendency in this direction he at once tacked about and altered his literary course. His next attempts were historical novels; and, though contemporary criticism found some of his characters *outrés* and monstrous, he nevertheless was able, by means of his crisp narrative and piquant dialogue, his elaborately-constructed plots, and intense vigour of action, to galvanise a public already *blasé* and tired of old-fangled literature. His last work on a maritime subject was the 'History of the French Navy,' which was a bookseller's speculation, some enterprising individual having been attracted by the young author's power and popularity. At this time Sue would be about thirty. His parents and himself had been politically among the partisans of legitimacy, and royalist connections had, so far, proved profitable to the family. In the historical work last named appeared the beginning of

more advanced views on the part of the careless *habitué* of St. Germain. Nevertheless, our author was still a frequenter of that aristocratic quarter at the time when his historical romances began to appear. Among these were included many works differing much in subject and style. In one, the character chosen for the hero was the Duke of Monmouth, whose story supplies one of the more romantic episodes of our English histories. In this work, the 'Marne au Diable,' elements of a transition from special subject romances, or historic novels, to the depiction of manners and habits of everyday, were noticed by the critics. In 'Jean Cavalier' the scene was laid in the Cevennes, the hero being the chief of the Camisards. Here was observable a strong feeling in favour of Protestantism—a feeling which, in Sue, grew gradually deeper and deeper. 'Arthur; ou, le Journal d'un Inconnu,' a somewhat Byronic work, is more in harmony with Sue's earlier proclivities towards wild life. He is said to have endeavoured to depict himself as the hero; and some have argued therefrom that he must have been a man of extreme depravity. Others, on the other hand, assert that Sue was by no means depraved, but that he liked to be looked upon as possessing such a character: it seemed to him agreeably romantic to pass for a Don Juan.

Up to the time we have spoken of, Eugène Sue had not come quite to the front rank of romancists. But the composition of his historical novels enabled him to develop his style and enlarge his ideas. He attained an immense popularity, and enriched his publishers; while the *habitués* of the circulating library, satiated with too much of Soulié and the Walter Scott school, or bored by Balzac's immense area of detail, would

drop in among his auditory, seeking for something fresh in the way of romantic stimulants. By 1842 he had obtained a place by the side of the leading literary caterers for the public. A short time before that date, a newspaper manager of fertile brain had conceived the idea of the *feuilleton* romance, which mode of publication has attained such large proportions in France, and seems to be making its way to some extent in this country, though as yet it has not got beyond weekly journals, while it holds no place, and probably never will, in the London Dailies. At the time of the inauguration of this mode of publishing novels in France, it was severely criticised as derogatory to literature. But the French public, greedy of romantic excitements in the midst of, and even at the cost of, the more serious affairs of life, would not let the notion drop, and the *feuilleton* became a necessity in the pages of struggling journals. Sue was one of the first to avail himself of this new way of coming before the public, and he contributed greatly to its success. One of his first novels, written after the conclusion of what we have termed his historical series, was first brought out in this fashion. Its circulation was prodigious. Says a French critic, with regard to this novel, 'Mathilde':—'We have seen young women, forgetful even of their *toilette*, in their anxiety to read the *feuilleton*, which they sent for from the office of the journal, being unable to wait for the hour of distribution; we have seen grave men go into raptures about the heroine. The reading-rooms were literally taken by storm; and as the sale of journals did not then take place, as at present, in the public ways, people had their names put down, or took tickets,

just as for a first night at the *Italiens*, or the Academy of Music.' Where else in the world besides Paris could a novel produce such a stir? Mr. Wilkie Collins, or Mr. Charles Reade, in a special number of the 'Graphic,' is an extraordinary phenomenon, but the journal in which he appears does not immediately, on his account, appear 'on the banker's counter, in the notary's and money-changer's office, on the night-table of gouty annuitants, in taverns and tea-gardens as well as in drawing-rooms, in cafés and workshops, in palaces and low city lodging-houses alike,' as we are told was the case with the journal containing 'Mathilde.' In Paris, the masses living in the back slums are to be found, if we may believe accounts, among the readers of such as Eugène Sue; in London, it would appear that they confine themselves more strictly to the 'Police News' and the 'penny dreadfuls.' He would deserve the thanks of the community who should discover how to introduce our good and healthy novels to the swarms in Shoreditch or the City Road; we do not mean quite such novels as Eugène Sue's; and probably, the novel which shall be good, and high, and healthy of its kind, and yet be able to command a large audience amongst the classes in question, has yet to be written. For such a work a special kind of genius is required which does not appear yet to have been produced. When it does come, and the masses are truly seized upon—taken by storm in spite of themselves, by a real man of genius, we can scarcely calculate upon what may follow. We make over this suggestion of a new avenue to power, to our own literary aspirants. There is a yet undreamed of power latent in the novel; we may witness some re-



markable effects should a man arise capable of awaking a real enthusiasm by this means. We have yet to receive amongst us, the Shakespeare of novelists. The last-named romance of Eugène Sue's was illustrated by portraits which were curiously attractive, for they represented, as some believed, the actors in a great trial which had for a long time occupied attention. Anything in the way of plot, conspiracy, or mysterious enigma, was in Sue's true vein; and at last he was beginning to discover his true faculty and place. After the publication of 'Mathilde,' however, Sue was for a long time inactive, and became quite a mystery to his friends, some of whom thought he was afraid to bring out any more literary efforts, lest he might endanger his already realized laurels. Others attributed his silence to the pride of success; others again to laziness.

What was Sue really doing? We have already alluded to traces being gradually manifested in him of an interior revolution. He gradually abandoned the royalist predilections and fashionable aspirations of his earlier years, and turned his steps in the direction of ultra-protestantism and freedom of thought in religion, of advanced views in politics, and of unbiassed study of social actualities. This revolution so proceeded that at length it was found that he had silently passed, bag and baggage, from the camp of legitimacy into that of the most extreme radical opinions. It will be but fair to let him give his own account of this complete depolarization of his mind. In the work entitled, 'A Page of the History of my Books,' he draws marked attention to the moral and metaphysical significance of his conduct by remarking how singular and progressive an

evolution it is of the soul and thought, that makes a man, yielding to the sole and irresistible attraction of justice, goodness, and truth, traverse the immense distance that separates two poles radically opposite; in other words, how strange it is that he, brought up a Legitimist and Catholic, and holding these views in 1830, should, a dozen years later, be found amongst the enthusiasts of democracy. Of course there was no lack of ill-natured people eager to adduce other reasons than a conscientious change of views, for Sue's turning his coat. One explanation given of the fact, was, that he had made a proposal of marriage for a grand-niece of Madame de Maintenon, and had been refused on the ostensible ground of disproportion of age; while the real reason of his rejection, to wit, his inferiority of birth, was bandied about the drawing-rooms so briskly that it reached the ears of the humiliated novelist. He, it was said, with inward execration of his professional parentage, immediately rushed into democracy of the most extreme kind, imagining that he could compel the aristocratic salons to acknowledge his immense literary power, and to crave for pardon. This was but one of the *canards* that were circulated about him, and grew more numerous and embittered as the darts, which he had begun to direct against the ranks of his quondam associates, increased in volume and efficacy. The real reason of his transformation is, probably, that having led a gay life among the butterflies of the capital, he began, like Solomon, to be sensible of the weariness of it and the bitter vanity of fashionable frivolities, and sought to take refuge in anything that promised to contain an idea of goodness and hope,—shall

we say also, of novelty? Whatever may be alleged against the working folk of France, and the intensity of their political fevers, but little can be said in favour of its nobility. To Sue, doubtless, the stately inane society of the ancient faubourg, with its oppressive ceremoniousness and superficial culture, soon disclosed its hollowness; while his masculine brain revolted against living in a woven tissue of unrealities, blind to the import of the actual, and averse from the duty of responsibility. So he occupied himself under his new ideal of life, in excursions almost clandestine to strange quarters of the city, to places where young reformers, barely tolerated by the Government, were wont to congregate and ventilate their ideas on social horrors and their amelioration. Fourier had died a few years before this time, but his disciples had founded a new journal, 'Phalange,' and held reunions at which Sue would oft be present. Whether the novelist were politically sincere or not in his democratic leanings—and we are inclined to think that he was—the acquisition of experience which he derived from contact with these proletarian sympathisers was of the utmost use to him from a literary point of view. He accumulated a store of social horrors that formed a terribly effective padding to his succeeding romances. The Fourierists rushed forward to welcome so doughty a champion as Sue, so soon as ever they discovered that he showed a leaning in their direction. He met them half-way, and even acted the good capitalist for them, holding shares in their journals, the 'Phalange' and the 'Democratique Pacifique.' But there were other haunts, besides the meeting-rooms of the Socialists, whither Sue was wont to resort in search of infor-

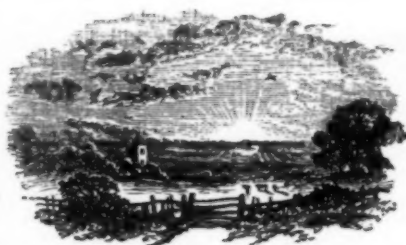
mation. A very Alcibiades, or Beau Brummel, as we are told, by habit, he would put aside his irreproachable garments and kid boots, and investing himself with blouse and cap and loose necktie, until he looked the beau ideal of an artisan, on his Sunday out, he would charter a fly to take him past the boundaries of the fashionable quarters, and then would stroll on foot to a certain rendezvous known to him alone. If we are to believe the romantic story told, the adventure was somewhat after the fashion of Tennyson's 'Lord of Burleigh,' at least, as far as regards the earlier stages of that ballad. Our novelist, acting the part of a painter of fans, a workman pure and simple, was the 'landscape painter,' while the 'village maiden' was represented by that very un-English little individual, a Paris grisette. She appears to have done duty as model as well as sweetheart, and is said to be the original of a charming creation in her lover's succeeding volumes. There were other occasions, too, when Sue donned strange attire, and went in disguise far away from his own quarter. At these times, his costume was not even that of a respectable artisan; but in ragged and dirty apparel, he wended his way city-wards, to localities where even a cleanly mechanic would have attracted unpleasant attention. Into these horrid resorts, the Ratcliffe Highway and Seven Dials of Paris, differing only from their London parallels in that the degraded types of humanity in Paris have a larger share of the demoniac element in their composition, the *ci-devant* dandy found his way, trusting to his plausibility and good nature to keep him out of harm, and to his pre-eminent muscular force to extricate him should he become entangled

in a row, or, as the denizens of Ratcliffe Highway would term it, a 'tabernacle fight.' Here, in some low tavern, he would shake hands, and be hail-fellow-well-met with the scum of humanity, the assassin, the forger, the thief, the chiffonnier, the pseudo-maimed, and the mendicant. Here he would assist at wretched festivities, when bad liquids would mock the miserable beings who partook of them with some maddening imitation of joviality. Here Sue was able at last to see life as it was, without any of the lacquer which had seemed so wearisome in the gilded saloons of fashion. Out of these experiences sprang, doubt-

less, a disgust for the old shams and make-believes of the upper-crust of society, together with an intense appreciation of the hidden horrors of its lowest strata. With the Fourierist programme ringing in his ears, it is no wonder that there arose also vehement denunciations of a state of things in which so close an approximation to Inferno was permitted to exist. It was natural, too, that the Phalansterian and socialist should incur the bitter hatred of the class that had admitted him to its most sacred shrines, shrines that he now engaged himself in violating by a fusillade of red bullets.

KENINGALE COOK.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)



## THE DOVE'S NEST.\*

A Dramatic Fablette

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOSEPH HATTON, AUTHOR OF 'KITES AND PIGEONS.'

### ACT I.

Scene 1.—MY LORD HAWK AND LADY DOVE.



E stand in the picturesque grounds of Dove's Nest, a charming villa pleasantly placed among the trees of Regent's Park. Old Lord Dove, who had noble estates in the neighbourhood of Dovedale, in Derbyshire, gave his pretty town house the fanciful title of Dove's Nest when his daughter was born. He was a jolly old boy, one of a host of jolly old boys who have died honourable deaths in India. Lady Dove, a charming young woman of twenty (as pretty as André's famous picture of that illustrious Dove of Amsterdam who, as the wife of Christian II., ruled the three kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and

Norway with a gentle feminine sway), is the sole remaining representative of her family. She is the ward of Mr. Partridge, a gentleman of unblemished reputation and forty-five.

Having learnt thus much from the bill of the play, I repeat that we stand in the picturesque grounds of Dove's Nest. It is a pleasant summer morning. You can hear the children at play in the park. The ducks are splashing their wings in the ornamental water. Two rude boys are throwing stones at them, and some city arabs are swearing at a Ladies' School which is out for an airing. This will be altered when the police succeed the present park-keepers, who switch their hours away with slender canes, and are more killing among nursery-maids than the 2nd Life Guards. The pretty residence of the pretty Lady Dove was originally in the park itself. When the original proprietors fenced it off they selected a few acres of sweet grass to surround it, with a bit of effective undulation that was easily converted into a sunk fence. Outside this, clumps of trees shut in the nest, and the birds sing there for the first time in every new year.

On this bright summer morning two gentlemen enter the grounds at the southern gate. One is a young man dressed in the highest

\* Founded upon the *Petite-Piece* of the Gallo-Irish Fagan that was praised by Voltaire and adapted to the English stage by Garrick.

style of modern fashion—a well-fitting morning coat and grey trousers, a crimson neck-tie, a faultless glossy hat, a pair of lavender gloves, and patent leather boots. He is a fair young man, with a long drooping moustache, blue eyes, and white teeth, which are prominent when he laughs; and whenever he does laugh he drops from his eye and again replaces a round disk of glass which is fastened to his button-hole. He walks with all his limbs, his legs, arms, shoulders, and hips. His companion is a rubicund old gentleman, with a suggestion of gout in his right leg, and a suggestion of old port in his nose. He wears a blue frock coat and snuff-coloured trousers. His hair is white, and his laugh loud and boisterous.

'Get the business over at once, uncle—yes, get it over,' says young Lord Hawk, plucking a rose, and planting it in his coat.

'That is my intention, Arthur,' says the old gentleman, Sir Charles Turkeycock; 'but I never take the word of young fellows with regard to women.'

'No, and why not, uncle?'

'Conceited puppies; they are all alike; think every woman is in love with them.'

'It is not a question of love,' drawled the young man, 'we have got over that rot; it is a matter of mutual convenience.'

'Oh, that is it, is it? That's the modern style. Then I'm deuced glad I was a young fellow when men and women loved each other and were not ashamed to own it.'

'Innocent, good old boy you are, uncle! We spoon now, you see, we don't love. Harriet is sweet on me, and we shall get on well.'

'Yes, with the aid of her twenty thousand a year, you rascal.'

'Yes, yes, that will keep us going; like to be kept going.'

'I'm your uncle, Arthur, and I loved your father like a man; but, by Jove, I hate your modern style of young men, with their cynical manner and their music-hall gait.'

'Good old boy; you will not make me angry, because I know your — your thingumy — your heart, I mean—is in the right place. "His heart was true to Poll;" you know what I mean.'

'Yes, I know what you mean. I learnt quite enough the night I condescended to accompany you on a round of the music-halls, with your "Down among the coals" and your "Old Brown's daughter." Bah! Comic songs! No wonder the drama has gone to the dogs.'

'No, there you are wrong, Sir Charles. The drama has not gone to the dogs, the dogs have gone to the drama; the jolly dogs find their songs and their ballets on the stage now, and so they patronise the drama, don't you know, you—see the joke?'

'Joke! No, 'pon my soul I don't,' exclaims Sir Charles Turkeycock. 'I see Partridge coming through the conservatory.'

Enter Mr. Partridge, a bright-eyed, sprightly bachelor, in a velvet house-coat and checked trousers.

'Ah, Mr. Partridge,' exclaims Sir Charles Turkeycock, with a flourish of his right wing (I mean his right hand). 'How are you?'

'How do you do, Sir Charles?' responds Mr. Partridge, bowing at the same time to Lord Hawk's eye-glass.

'You are looking as young as a spring day, Mr. Partridge,' says Sir Charles; 'some of our young swells of five-and-twenty are nowhere to you.'

'Ease and contentment keep a man young; but grey hairs come

even to tranquillity,' says Mr. Partridge.

'Why don't you marry, Partridge?' says Sir Charles, 'it's a duty we all owe to the sex.'

'I'm too old to fulfil the duty now,' says Partridge; 'and if I were not, I never met a woman who would have me.'

'You never popped, that's clear,' says Lord Hawk, 'or, by Jove, you'd have seen how you would have been snapped up; but, talking of popping, uncle, let us get on with business.'

'Well, I suppose you have no objection to tie up your ward, Lady Dove, though you have



slipped the collar yourself?' says Sir Charles, laughing in a gobbling, turkeycock fashion, making gurgling sounds something like a rapid decanting of port.

'On the contrary,' says Mr. Partridge. 'She came out last season, and I hope to see her ladyship worthily disposed of before she goes back again into Derbyshire in August.'

'Her father, I have heard you say, advised her marrying at one-and-twenty, and recommended this to you in your exercise of wardship.'

'He did,' says Mr. Partridge, 'and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously, as she will be in every way a most valuable acquisition to the gentleman who

wins her. Not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy of her birth; she is gentle, modest, amiable, and accomplished. ['Prosy brute,' interpolates Lord Hawk, looking at his boots, for he has heard that the Duke of Cambridge looks at his boots when he is in deep thought.] In a word, Sir Charles, I never saw youth more amiable or more modest; but perhaps I am a little partial to the lady.'

'No, no,' says Sir Charles, 'she is a delicious creature—everybody says so; but something has happened, Mr. Partridge, that you are perhaps not aware of.'

'What, pray?'

'My nephew, Lord Hawk—'



'Here I am, at your service,' says young Hawk, interrupting his uncle, and switching a rosebud off a standard with his gold-headed cane. 'My uncle is not quite happy in explanations; the fact is, sir, your ward, Lady Dove—'

'Get away, you rascal,' says Sir Charles Turkeycock, striking the gravelled walk with his stick, 'get away, Lord Hawk; I will not be interrupted.'

'Now, Sir Charles, none of your military exercises here, there's a dear old boy; pardon me, Mr. Partridge, your ward is a most accomplished lady, and—'

'Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb,' exclaims Sir Charles.

'Nay, Sir Charles,' interposes Mr. Partridge, 'let his lordship speak.'

'Thank you, Partridge, thank you,' says Lord Hawk, letting his eye-glass fall from his eye, and pulling out his diamond-linked shirt-cuffs. 'My uncle is a dear old boy—very, don't you know; but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady. We are both very young, I admit; it was not right, don't you know, to conceal the affair from you; but there, I see Sir Charles is getting savage, and I'll say no more about it. I'll take a walk in the garden and smoke a weed, and leave Sir Charles to finish. Have a weed, Partridge?'

'No, thank you; I do not smoke until evening.'

'Evening so,' remarks my lord, turning away; 'even so—good pun; we'll send that to Staggers, the burlesquist, as he calls himself.'

'Not a bad fellow for the present age of puppies,' says Sir Charles, when Lord Hawk had lighted his cigar and disappeared. 'To be plain with you, Mr. Partridge, Hawk and Lady Dove have done some severe flirtation; they like

each other; to be plain, they are in love, as the saying is.'

'Indeed!' exclaims Mr. Partridge; 'let us walk a little; will you go into the house?'

'No, thank you,' says Sir Charles, taking Partridge's arm.

'This is a surprise,' says Partridge. 'I don't really know why my ward should conceal the matter from me; I have assured her over and over again that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.'

'Human nature,' says Sir Charles, with his gobble-gobble laugh; 'human nature—young people will be young (gobble-gobble). We are always ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves (gobble-gobble)—human nature, sir; but will you mention my noble nephew to her, Mr. Partridge?'

'I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles,' says Mr. Partridge, gravely; 'the name of the gentleman whom she chooses for a husband must first come from herself; my advice or importunity shall never influence her. If guardians were less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable as to think that happiness in marriage cannot be bought with money.'

'You are right, Partridge, you are right; but here comes the lady. 'Pon my soul, she is a glorious creature!'

Enter Lady Dove from conservatory, attended by her maid, Miss Perkee. Her ladyship wears a pale sea-green silk; a light Indian shawl is thrown loosely round her shoulders; her hair, a sunny brown, is wound about her head in massive folds; she is fair, and round, and tall, and her long eyelashes droop over her blue eyes; and no wonder she drove Society wild when she came out last

season. There is a dove-like softness in her manner; she walks daintily as doves walk, and her ankle is clasped by a bright bit of leather that surmounts the proudest and crispest little red heel. Miss Perkee, her maid, is a short, sharp, slim, little, dark-eyed woman, who makes two hundred a-year out of her ladyship's cast-off clothes, and informs her ladyship of all the peccadilloes of the upper servants.

When Lady Dove sees that Mr. Partridge is talking to a gentleman, she is about to retire, but Partridge speaks to her:

'Permit me to introduce Sir Charles Turkeycock to your ladyship.'

Sir Charles bows. The lady bows.

'I have had the pleasure of meeting Sir Charles before,' says Lady Dove.

'Then I suppose your ladyship understands the nature of Sir Charles's visit?' says Mr. Partridge.

'Sir!' responds the lady, in confusion, and drawing her shawl round her shoulders like a pair of soft, tender wings.

'You may trust me,' says Mr. Partridge, in a gentle and most kindly tone; 'pray do not be disturbed! I shall not reproach you with anything more than keeping your wishes from me.'

'Upon my word, Mr. Partridge—'

There is no knowing what her ladyship intends to say. She finishes what is evidently a broken sentence, and calls her maid.

'Pray excuse me, gentlemen,' she says, and takes Miss Perkee aside.

'We have gone too far, Sir Charles,' says Mr. Partridge; 'we must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover. I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now. Be sure that no en-

deavour shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy conclusion.'

'Thank you, Mr. Partridge; it will be an honour and a pleasure, both to the Hawks and the Turkeycocks, to be associated with the rich and noble house of Dove.'

'You do the Doves honour, Sir Charles.'

The two gentlemen walk, and talk, and bow to each other amidst a profusion of mutual compliments and courtesies; and we leave them to their friendly exercises while we open a new chapter, as the exigencies of the story, rather than the dramatic necessities of the piece, require.

#### *Scene 2.—A DREADFUL SITUATION.*

Lady Dove and her maid, Miss Perkee, were on particularly familiar terms. The maid was the daughter of an old friend of the late lord's, who had, through misfortune, been reduced in circumstances. Miss Perkee was a sharp, clever, little woman, and Lady Dove was in the habit of paying great respect to her judgment.

They are walking and talking in a part of the grounds which is more secluded than the lawn upon which the curtain rose in the first scene.

'Rely upon it, your ladyship,' said Miss Perkee, 'that Lord Hawk's uncle has been making a proposition for your hand in marriage.'

'Pray do not bother me about Lord Hawk,' says the lady.

'But why not?' responds the maid; 'though he is a little fast, loves to hear himself talk—'

'Drawl, you mean,' interpolates the lady.

'To hear himself drawl,' continues the maid, 'you cannot say he is not handsome; besides, he

keeps excellent society; it is true he is rather conceited, all good-looking gentlemen are.'

'But if I can find one without these faults, Lucy, I may surely please myself.'

'Without these faults!' exclaims the maid; 'and is he young?'

'He is modest, good, polite, affable, generous, manly,' says the lady, with enthusiasm. 'He charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and intolerable affectation.'

'Upon my word, my lady,' says the maid. 'But why have you kept this so long a secret? Your guardian is kindness itself; what difficulty can you apprehend?'

'The difficulty of declaring my sentiments,' replies the lady.

'Shall I undertake the task? But who is the honoured and fortunate gentleman? He must have very little penetration, not to have discovered his happiness in your eyes.'

'Ah, Lucy,' says the lady, 'I take care that my eyes do not tell too much, and he has too much



gentlemanly delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Moreover, I fear he would not respond to my love; I fear he would disapprove of it; and if I should let out my secret, and find no return of my affection, I should die with shame.'

'I will insure your life for a puff-box,' says Miss Perkee, promptly. 'What can possibly prevent your coming together?'

'His great excess of merit,' says her ladyship, with a real and unaffected sigh.

'His excess of fiddlestick!' says the maid, warmly; 'excuse my

earnestness. Your ladyship is absurdly bashful and modest; you shall trust me with the secret; I will then tell it to half a dozen friends, and they will intrust it to half a dozen more. By this means it will travel over half the town in a week; the gentleman will soon hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in a twinkling, I will give up my perquisites at your wedding. Tell me his name?'

'Indeed, I cannot tell you his name; I wish I could,' says the lady.

'Doesn't my lady know it?'

'Too well, too well.'

'Then, why fear to tell it?'

'The disclosure would cause me to be regarded as eccentric.'

'To keep it secret will.'

'And why should I be ashamed to discover my love?'

'Why, indeed?' urges Miss Perkee, her whole soul on the very tiptoe of expectation; on which account she hates Mr. Partridge for appearing at that very moment, and asking her ladyship if he may have a word with her.

Lady Dove said he might, and Miss Perkee therefore retired, writhing in an agony of disappointment.

'She is afraid I shall not approve of her choice,' thinks Mr. Partridge, with the foppish figure of Lord Hawk in his mind's eye.

'What can I possibly say to him?' is the awkward reflection of her ladyship.

'My dear Lady Dove,' says Mr. Partridge, 'do not imagine for a moment that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the position which I occupy towards your ladyship gives me a sort of right to your confidence. Some friends have lately spoken to me about—but that is not all; I have lately found you evidently disturbed in mind—pray be plain with me—has not some one been happy enough to please your fancy?—to—to—'

Mr. Partridge finds it more difficult to be round with her ladyship than he thought.

'I cannot deny it, sir,' replies Lady Dove, blushing; 'but I entreat you not to listen to idle friends, or to inquire further into the particulars of my inclination.'

'But, my dear,' says Mr. Partridge, 'have you made a choice?'

'In my own mind, sir, yes,' her ladyship answers; 'and it is impossible to make a better—'

reason, honour, everything, must approve it.'

'And how long is it since you came to this conclusion?'

'Ever since I left the country to come to town,' she replies, sighing.

'I see the subject embarrasses you, my dear,' says Mr. Partridge, with manly consideration. 'I will try and relieve you of this natural confusion—I am informed of the whole matter.'

'Sir!' exclaims Lady Dove.

'Pray do not be uneasy; I am in a position to assure you that your passion is returned with equal tenderness.'

'If you are not deceived, I cannot be more happy,' says Lady Dove.

'No, I think I am not deceived. After the declaration you have made and the answers I have given you, why do you still keep your love a secret? Have I not deserved your confidence, after all these years?'

'You have, indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Lady Dove, 'and should certainly have it, were I not fully convinced in my own mind that you would oppose my wishes.'

'I oppose them! This is unkind! Can you doubt my affection for you, my devotion? Is it necessary for me to say that I have no will but yours?'

Mr. Partridge is evidently hurt; he looks appealingly at his ward.

'Then I will endeavour to explain myself,' she says; 'pray do not think me ungrateful.'

'Speak, my dear lady, my dear ward.'

'If I do speak, and tell you all, I feel that I shall never be able to speak to you again. No, it must not be,' says her ladyship, turning as if to leave the spot.

'Nay, your ladyship, you must

‘speak—be sure I shall agree with you in everything.’

‘Indeed you will not,’ says Lady Dove, turning upon him with a strange light in her eyes; ‘pray let me retire—I am not well.’

‘My poor sensitive ward!’ says Mr. Partridge, taking her hand and drawing her arm in his, ‘let me conduct you in; I see your delicacy is alarmed. If you will only confide in me, and tell me his name, believe me, I will go to him at once and tell him that my consent shall be given, and—’

‘You will easily find him,’ says her ladyship; ‘and pray, my dear guardian, tell him how unfair it is for a young lady to have to speak first; persuade him to spare me and to relieve me from such a terrible situation. I should desire this, even were I a queen, and compelled to disclose my love first. Besides, it is not even leap year. I shall leave him to you, my dear sir.’

By this time they have reached the lawn, where Lord Hawk is observed in calm contemplation of his boots—tapping them gently with his cane. ‘Here he is,’ thinks Mr. Partridge, ‘waiting for his answer, no doubt; this fully explains the riddle.’

‘Ah! my lady,’ drawls Lord Hawk, taking a parting glance at his boots, just as the Duke is said to do; ‘feared you had gone into the park.’

‘I shall not ride to-day,’ says Lady Dove, with a gentle inclination of her head.

‘Very glad to hear it,’ says his lordship. ‘How do, Partridge? what a pleasant, languid sort of day it is!’

‘Beautiful weather,’ says Mr. Partridge, bent on escaping into the house, that he may leave the lovers to themselves.

‘What a dreadful situation I

am in!’ remarks the lady, half to herself, half aloud.

Lord Hawk hears, and interprets the remark.

‘It will come all right,’ whispers Lord Hawk, encouragingly—‘trust me, I will get over Partridge.’

Lord Hawk looks out of his light eyes at Mr. Partridge, and shows his white, pearly teeth. Mr. Partridge takes the hint at once.

‘Lord Hawk,’ says Mr. Partridge, solemnly, ‘my lady’s will is law to me; as for you, sir, the friendship which I have always had for your uncle, Sir Charles, will have the greatest weight with me.’

Lady Dove looks sorely distressed.

‘My dear lady, let me lead you to a seat,’ says Lord Hawk; and before the lady can reply, he has taken her hand, and she suffers herself to be conducted to a pretty tented seat under a chestnut at the extremity of the lawn. The last sweet bloom of the tree is upon the grass, making a floral carpet of pink and white, bordered with emerald. ‘I am the happiest fellow going,’ says Lord Hawk, crushing the pinky blossom under the pinky heels of his patent-leather boots.

‘I shall die of confusion,’ thinks Lady Dove, looking all the embarrassment she feels.

Mr. Partridge, approaching her, says, ‘Be calm, my lady—Harriet, as I had the privilege of calling you when you were a child.’

‘Do not relinquish a privilege which is to me a pleasure,’ replies the lady, looking up into his face with her quiet, tender, loving eyes.

‘Lord Hawk, her ladyship is very sensitive, see you are gentle and considerate; meanwhile I will go and meet your uncle; I think I heard his cab trotting up the

drive ten minutes since—he is in the house by this time.’

‘Mr. Partridge!’ says Lady Dove, as if bent on preventing his departure.

‘I will return presently,’ he replies, and then, stooping over her, he whispers, ‘Have courage; it shall all be as you wish. I quite understand your beautiful nature, my Harriet—having no mother to confide in, only a stupid old fellow like me! but no matter—have a good heart!’

And he is gone—gone, as he says, to meet Lord Hawk’s uncle.

‘There!’ exclaims Lord Hawk, sitting beside her ladyship. ‘Glad he’s gone at last. Quite agree with you, this is better than riding in the park, getting hot, and dusty, and thirsty. And now, my dear Lady Dove, I may say, Harriet—’

‘Sir,’ replies the lady, ‘will you have the goodness to explain the meaning of this familiarity? what riddle are we all trying to solve?’

‘Riddle—familiarity,’ exclaims Lord Hawk, looking at his boots. ‘Surely everything is plain enough—we shall ride together during the season, spoon, flirt, meet accidentally by appointment, be seen twice at the opera together; finally, grand scene at Hanover Square, have a bishop or two called in, breakfast at the Nest here, given by Partridge, a run over the Continent, and then take our part in the married scandal of the town. “Dost thou like the picture?”’

Lady Dove does not speak.

‘You ought to say, “My own dear love!” that’s in the play.’

‘You are playing the fool, Lord Hawk,’ says her ladyship, now in a paroxysm of indignation; ‘but it is my own fault, I suppose.’

‘Very good—shall give that to a fellow I know who writes burlesques. Partridge said I was

to expect some eccentricity, but, really, Harriet—’

‘Sir! your manners are hardly the manners of a gentleman! Do you tell me that you have spoken to my guardian on the supposition that—’

‘Of course I have, and it is all right. Guardian consents, and uncle consents. Why then, Lady Dove, continue this mock-modesty, this “false shame,” as they call it at the theatre?’

Lord Hawk had been prepared to expect some peculiarities in the lady’s manner, owing to the exceptional character of her bringing up and position; but he is hardly prepared to see her rise and blaze out at him as she does now.

‘Lord Hawk! you have made a serious and ridiculous mistake. Before you obtained the consent of others to take my hand, you should have secured mine!’

‘But, really, ‘pon my soul,’ says his lordship, looking at the lady, for the first time, with something like earnestness, ‘this is odd—you are not serious, don’t you know?’

‘I was never more so, and I beg—’

‘But, really, if it is only because I asked them first, don’t you know, I am sorry. I did that because I knew how bashful you were about it, and that you were sorry it was not leap year, you know, and all that.’

Lord Hawk is nearly serious and in earnest.

‘Sir, pray be assured that I never entertained the smallest idea concerning you, that, that—’

Lady Dove is too indignant to give vent to all she feels and desires to say.

‘Words, words.’

‘They are true. Pray do not make yourself ridiculous, Lord Hawk.’



'Don't make yourself miserable.'  
'I am only so when you persist in annoying me.'

'And now you think you don't love me?'

'Love you! No! now nor never.'

'You hate me?' says his lordship, conceitedly drawing himself up to his full height, to display his manly figure, as much as to say, now confess at once, and fall into these arms.

'Yes, I hate you,' she replies, stamping her foot upon the chestnut flowers.

'Poor dear Lady Dove! I am really sorry for you—the peculiarity of your nature must make you quite a slave. She never told her love, but stood on a monument, and let it feed on her damask cheek! never thought that had anything in common with nature before—try and conquer it, Harriet.'

'Leave me, sir! I command you—leave this place!'

It is fortunate that just at this moment Sir Charles Turkeycock and Mr. Partridge come upon the scene; they have discussed the situation in Mr. Partridge's private room, and are now quite prepared to make the young people happy. They meet her ladyship walking towards the house; they see her turn her back upon Lord Hawk, who is looking after her, and smiling as if he were intensely amused.

'Harriet,' says Mr. Partridge, 'you are annoyed—what can this mean? I never saw you so much agitated.'

'Mr. Partridge,' replies the lady, tears in her eyes, 'you have been in error concerning me. I did not deceive you, because I could not have imagined that the consequences would be so serious. But I am now compelled to tell you that you have misunderstood

me, and that you have greatly distressed me——'

'How, my dear, how?'

'What does her' (gobble-gobble) 'ladyship mean?' asks Sir Charles Turkeycock, looking from one to the other, and then turning quickly upon Lord Hawk with the same question, his lordship having sauntered up to them meanwhile.

'My lady is pleased to be a little out of humour with me,' says Lord Hawk, winking slyly at his uncle and Partridge; 'but it becomes her—I like a little temper, a little coquettishness.'

'Oh, oh! ah, ah!' (gobble-gobble) laughs Sir Charles; 'that's all—a lovers' quarrel. Storms of this kind' (gobble-gobble) 'rarely upset the lovers' boat.'

'They call it the Husbands' Boat at Margate,' says Lord Hawk.

'Ah, ah! so they do' (gobble-gobble); 'saw it leave one morning, for amusement—yes. Hope you two will soon be rowing in the husbands' boat' (gobble-gobble).

'Don't be uneasy, my dear,' says Mr. Partridge; 'be consistent, lest you should be thought capricious.'

'Mr. Partridge, your remarks make me doubly miserable.'

'Pray explain, my dear lady; explain this riddle.'

'I cannot, sir; let me go in—I have surely discovered the meaning of the riddle; and your unkind interpretation of it, and your reproachful looks, show me that I have already said too much. I must go, sir.'

Mr. Partridge walks by her side, opens the door, and watches her disappear along the hall, and up the beautiful Italian staircase, towards her own room.

'But look here, sir; this is going too far. What have you said to her?' Sir Charles asks, raising his stick with an authoritative air,

and tossing his comb—I mean his head—with dignity.

‘I never saw her so moved before,’ says Mr. Partridge, putting his hands into his pockets and looking sorely puzzled.

‘Pon my soul, gentlemen, you are not more surprised than I am. The little storm arose in her insisting that she had no *penchant* for me at all. Of course I knew her secret, and for a time humoured this; but when she assured me she really did not love me, and all that sort of thing, don’t you know, what was I to say?’

‘Now look here, Arthur,’ says Sir Charles, raising his eloquent stick again in his right wing, and frowning heavily under his big eye-brows; ‘there is a kind of cheek and impudence and assurance about your manner that I have often spoken to you about—a sort of d——d self-satisfaction, that if I were a young girl, and especially an heiress to boot, I would not put up with’ (gobble-gobble-gobble); ‘damit, sir, your airs would surfeit me!’

‘But you are not a young lady, you see; and pardon me for thinking that young ladies prefer my style. But what can the lady mean? I have given proof of my affection; I have offered her marriage.’

‘That’s right, that’s proper, truly,’ says Sir Charles; ‘but your manner is so infernally foppish.’

‘I confess I am very much puzzled—everything I see and hear is so contradictory. She cannot like any one else?’ says Mr. Partridge.

‘No; I’ll answer for that,’ says Lord Hawk, caressing his boots with his cane, dropping and replacing his eye-glass, and drawing out his wristbands.

‘She may doubt your sincerity—perhaps she thinks you may neglect her after marriage?’

‘Dare say—touch of jealousy, too, in her natural sensibility. Most sensitive young lady ever met, and prettiest; yes, begad, she is a lovely girl!’

‘Perhaps the evident violence of her reproaches may arise from the lukewarm expression of your passion?’

‘No, *je vous demande pardon*; have sworn she shall be the happiest of her sex, and planned out our honeymoon. Can only think, as they have it in some play, that her present humour arises out of an over-fond heart being doubtful of its own happiness.’

Lord Hawk looks round triumphantly, and Sir Charles cannot restrain a feeling of admiration for his nephew, whom he has never seen so sprightly and energetic before. His lordship, for the time being, has quite thrown off his usual drawling manner.

‘Pray, gentlemen, may I inquire what you have been doing to my mistress?’ asks Miss Perkee, suddenly presenting herself before the astonished group. ‘Her ladyship is in a fine way, almost in hysterics, I declare!’

‘Poor thing!’ says Lord Hawk, calmly contemplating the maid through his eye-glass.

‘I am sure no poor lady in the land has been more disturbed and worried,’ says Miss Perkee, tossing her head and looking defiantly at everybody.

‘I must inquire into this painful business,’ remarks Mr. Partridge.

‘Her ladyship desired me to say that presently she wishes to see you, sir.’

‘I will attend her ladyship,’ replies Mr. Partridge; ‘pray tell her so at once.’

Miss Perkee thereupon retires, and Lord Hawk hums a tune from Offenbach’s latest opera.

‘Poor dear lady! I would give

a leg or an arm, old as I am, to be loved by that sweet creature as thou art, Arthur' (gobble-gobble), said Sir Charles Turkeycock.

'And throw in the gout and rheumatism, you old beau!' says Lord Hawk. 'You dear old Adonis, I believe you would like a young wife now, if the truth were really known.'

'I don't think you appreciate your good fortune in that direction as you ought; you are so infernally conceited' (gobble-gobble); 'but that is the characteristic of the present age. Would to heaven thou wert not such a dandy, Arthur. 'Pon my soul,' (gobble) 'Partridge, I believe the great hulking fellow wears stays—did you ever see such a waist? But marriage will cure him of all these noodle's tricks. Confound it! when I was young and in love—'

'Ah, ah!' drawls Hawk, who has recovered all his self-possession now, and is therefore master of his drawl, his wristbands, his eye-glass, and his bodily action from the waist; 'a pretty figure you must have cut, dear old uncle!'

'Look here,' observes Mr. Partridge, with gravity; 'a truce to this nonsense. If Lady Dove's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect, as a conquered victim. A lady in her own right, the daughter of a noble house, the daughter of my own dear friend, I could not bear to see her unhappy—as she would be with any man who could not devote himself to her, who would not consider that in winning her love he was blessed above all others. Peculiarly sensitive and bashful, she must have every consideration that a high-minded and delicate, tender, confiding lady claims at the hands of a true and loving husband.'

'Bravo!' exclaims Sir Charles; 'a noble speech, brave, manly sentiments! Nephew, go to her, throw yourself at her feet, and vow your eternal and lasting devotion, you rascal' (gobble-gobble).

Sir Charles brandishes his stick, and gets very red in the face.

'Sir, I must respectfully decline,' drawls Hawk, letting his eye-glass drop with artistic effect. 'Would you have me repeat what I have already said? been on my knees once' (then he dusts his knees with a white silk handkerchief, which he seems to have accidentally discovered in one of his pockets). 'No, uncle, it is my turn to be piqued now.'

'You conceited ass!' roars Sir Charles. 'I can stand this no longer.'

'I am sorry to find that any young lady should bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued at its true worth,' says Mr. Partridge. 'However, if she is bent on this match I shall not oppose her; but I must be excused for expressing my regret if it should be so. Gentlemen, good evening!'

'Pon my soul, I am sorry to agree with you; but he will improve, Partridge; do all you can, for my sake; give mine and my nephew's assurances that we are hers devotedly' (gobble-gobble), says Sir Charles; 'and good morning, my friend.'

'Yes, good morning, Partridge,' says Hawk, addressing his boots; 'we will look in again and see how you have progressed—*au revoir!*'

'Arthur,' says Sir Charles, when Partridge is out of hearing, 'I could knock you down for a fool—trifling with fortune in this way; you deserve to be' (gobble-gobble) 'stranded wifeless, and without a penny, on some desert island.'

'In the middle of the orna-

mental water,' says Hawk, 'with a claret cup and a cigar: shouldn't mind it at all. Come along, dear

old nunky; come along, Sir Charles — it is all right, don't fear.'

Hawk takes Sir Charles forcibly



by the arm, invites himself to another cup of tea in the words of the royal hero of 'Genevieve de Brabant,' and, half an hour

afterwards, the two are cantering down the Row with aristocratic complacency.

END OF ACT I.



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Drawn by J. McIntyre.]

THE HAUNTED MILL.



## THE HAUNTED MILL

A Fragment.

NOR shape nor sound shall haunt the mill  
Of glimmering ghost by day or night.

My steadfast soul shall stay its gaze

Yet who art Thou, so pale and cold

And soft of tread, that hoverest o'er me

Bearest me in the moon's midnight?

And when thou dost thy presence show

Do thou not look at me with scorn

When I am pale and ghastly old

Or when my hair is white and long

And my eyes dim and my voice is low

When I am old and feeble and alone

And my heart is full of sorrow

And my soul is full of pain

And my life is full of tears

And my death is full of sighs

And my grave is full of worms

And my soul is full of fire

And my heart is full of love

And my life is full of joy

And my death is full of peace

And my grave is full of flowers

And my soul is full of light

And my heart is full of hope

And my life is full of faith

And my death is full of glory

And my grave is full of life

And my soul is full of power

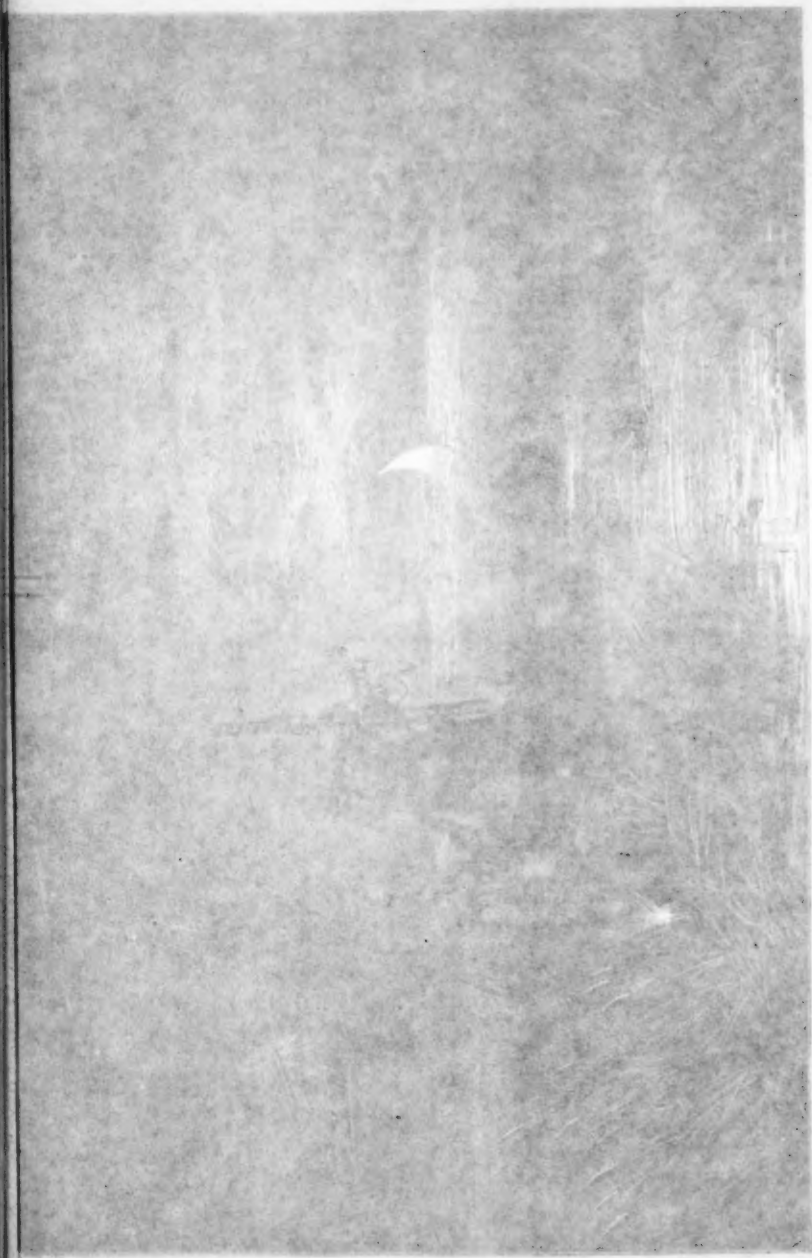
And my heart is full of wisdom

And my life is full of knowledge

And my death is full of truth

And my grave is full of love

Adapted from the poem by William Shakespeare



Drawn by J. McLaughlin

THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

## THE HAUNTED MILL.

## A Fragment.

NOR shape nor sound that haunts the night  
Of glimmering ghost or shrieking sprite

My steadfast soul could e'er dismay ;  
Yet who art Thou, so gaunt and grey  
And soft of tread, that seem'st to stray  
Beside me in the lone starlight ?

And wherefore have the fen-fowl all,  
At thy coming still and dread,  
With a quick affrighted call  
From their darkling bulrush bed  
Winged their wildly whirring flight ;  
Whilst the Marsh-Imp on their way  
Shoots his lanthorn's lurid ray,  
And the screech owl overhead  
Harsh forebodes ? And, oh ! declare  
Why so strangely, without sound,  
The ruined mill-arms eddy round  
Swiftly in the silent air  
To thy waving hand—and why  
Thrice in sudden, shrill despair  
Breaks an anguished woman's cry,

Now fiercely calling,

Now faintly falling

Into long shivering sobs that on the darkness fail,  
At whose horror the white moon  
Seems to grow to a great sail  
Through a sea of surf-bestrewn  
Heaven, swept in fearful flight.

Then who art thou, so gaunt and grey  
And soft of tread, that seem'st to stray  
Beside me in the lone starlight ?

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## A TALE OF THE FUTURE.

'NO, sir, I will not—I never bet. Once only in my life did I make a bet for a large sum, and I lost that in such a humiliating way that I registered a vow not to be bitten a second time.'

'You quite raise my curiosity. As there is no chance of our settling by a friendly bet the little dispute as to what exact species of abomination our friend the costermonger is hawking, you should at least let me have the benefit of your first and last experience in that line.'

'It is an old story, now; but if you will light a cheroot and join me in another bottle of Forzato I shall let you into the secret of my dislike to betting.'

The speakers were both Englishmen, and had met by chance at a little auberge in an out-of-the-way village of the lower Engadine. Having dined together, they were having their cigars in the verandah, when some trifling difference of opinion brought on the conversation given above.

As soon as madame the hostess had supplied their wants, the elder of the two began to relate the following incident with an air of veracity so strongly marked that his listener found it impossible to doubt the accuracy of what he said:—

'The time I speak of is some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, when the Alpine Club was still in its full glory. Things were very different then from what they are now. The Andes Association had not yet been formed—destined as it was utterly to cast into the shade its Alpine predecessor. There was no railway over Mont Blanc, and the idea of a lift to the hotel on the

top of the Matterhorn had not yet been started; in fact, if I remember rightly, the hotel itself had not been built. I was at that time a member of the club, and few more enthusiastic individuals could have been found amongst the number of its admirers. Innumerable were the articles that I contributed to its Journal, giving appalling accounts of the adventures I had met with in scaling peaks and climbing down precipices, and other little performances of that nature. Immense used to be my delight and pride at being able to inscribe the magic letters A. C. after my name in the visitors' books in Swiss inns. Astonishing used to be the "get up" in which I started for the most ordinary mountain walk, girt about with a variety of ropes, and ice-axes, and spectacles, and belts. I can speak jestingly of these little vanities now, but it took a very severe and a very expensive lesson entirely to cure me. And the way it came about was this. There was to be an annual dinner of the club held at the Crystal Palace on a certain day in May, soon after I had taken my university degree. This dinner I had set my heart on attending; but when the afternoon of the day arrived, I received a letter from some country cousins, saying that they were coming up to town that day, and begging me to meet them at the train. This was pleasant; but as there was no help for it, I endeavoured to calm my ruffled temper with the assistance of my hookah, and so far succeeded that I was not actually rude to my relatives, while escorting them across town. When I had thus done my duty,

I began to consider what to do with myself, and what particular establishment I should favour with my custom for dinner that evening. Just as I had settled this important matter, who should I meet coming round a corner, but my friend Jack Hilyar? the very man, of all others, I should have wished to come upon at the moment. Jack was as good a fellow as ever breathed—pleasant and light-hearted, but with plenty of stuff in him for all that. As luck would have it, he had not yet dined, so we arranged to have a quiet little dinner together, and a good chat in the smoking-room afterwards. We had finished the second course, and were discussing the wines and dessert, when a stranger entered the room and seated himself at the table next to me. Now, all my life I have been a physiognomist—not, perhaps, in the ordinary sense of the word, as I do not assert that I can read a man's general character from his appearance—but this I can tell at the first glance, whether a man is potentially my enemy or my friend. In this judgment at first sight I have never yet found myself to be mistaken. The very moment the stranger entered the room where we sat, I conceived an intense dislike to him—a feeling that that man, if ever he were to cross my path, would prove a determined and formidable foe. At a glance we could see that he was an American. The sharp, eagle face, the slouching gait, and, above all, the intensely free and easy manner, indicated his nationality beyond the shadow of a doubt. Putting three chairs together, he stretched himself along them and set himself to stare calmly and persistently at Jack and myself. We were partly amused and partly annoyed at the insolence of the man; but, as we had finished our wine, we ad-

joined to the smoking-room. Soon after the American followed us into the other room, and reared himself up against the mantelpiece, while he gave out, for the benefit of all present, his opinions on things in general. Jack, who had got over his first feeling of disgust, seemed highly to enjoy the man's eccentricity, and to wish to draw him out as much as possible. Soon he grew tired of this amusement, so we resumed the talk we had been engaged in on the subject of the Alpine Club. Jack was thinking of joining it, and in reply to his questions, I gave a glowing description of all its glories. The harsh voice of the American broke upon our ears with the remark: "I calculate the Alpine Club is a tarnation humbug." Jack looked delighted, and, giving a sly glance at me, proceeded to draw out our friend once more.

"I hope, sir," he rejoined, in a most polite tone, "that you will give your reasons for that opinion, as I had thought of becoming a member; but, of course, would not do so if convinced that the whole concern was a humbug."

"Wall, stranger, you could not do a knowinger thing than stay as you air. I guess they've named the thing wrong. It should be the 'Brag Company, Limited.' Some 'tarnal duffer that calls himself an A. C. goes up a mountain that all the folk near have known for years, and then writes to all the European papers to say that he has made a first ascent. I reckon they've raised the prices of every darned thing in Switzerland close on fifty per cent. Then they're such cheeky cusses to meet; and the greater the duffer the cheekier he is. Don't do it, stranger—don't do it."

"While this was going on, I sat by silent, but rapidly losing

my temper. At last I could stand it no longer, and burst out with: "This is mere vague abuse, sir. I will bet you any sum of money you choose to name that I will select a better mountaineer from the members of the club than any man you can name. Is that a fair offer? The Alpine Club against the world."

"The Yankee looked me over from head to foot, and then drawled out: "Wall, stranger, I guess I'll take your bet, if you'll let the mountaineering be between you and me. I lay you 10,000 dollars that before this time three years I'll have cut you out in tall climbing."

"I had spoken hastily, and was perfectly taken aback at being closed with so quickly. However, I was in for it now, and could not go back from my word. As coolly as I could, I said: "Just as you like. Let the bet be between you and me. The sum you name will be as good as any other, but of course must be lodged by both parties before the matter is finally arranged."

"I calculate you're right, stranger. It won't be long before you hear from me about it. What do you say your name is?"

"Forbes—Henry Forbes."

"Mine is Zachariah Johnston, of New York City. Wall, I guess we're to meet here on this day three years, and whichever has first done the tallest and hardest mountain is to have the stakes. Shake hands on it, stranger—shake hands on it."

"Here I was obliged reluctantly to stretch out my hand to be grasped by the bony fingers of the other. After this, he tossed the end of his cheroot into the fireplace and sauntered out of the room whistling "Yankee Doodle."

"The whole affair had not taken more than five minutes, so that

Jack had not had time to interfere. His face, at the moment when the American left the room, was a study for an artist. Astonishment, amusement, and a sort of tragic horror were all struggling for expression. When the door was fairly shut, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter which lasted for some time. "Well, if I did not think it was all a joke," at last he found breath to say. "I should say it was as nasty a scrape as ever you got yourself into. Making a bet of 2,000*l.* with an utter stranger. A bet that, if there were anything in it, would compel you to go roaming about the world for three years, and spend fabulous sums of money on nothing at all. I'll just go after him and explain that, of course nothing was meant by the thing, or else he will let that long tongue of his wag to such an extent, that we shall never hear the last of it."

"As he got up to leave the room the manager of the hotel came in with a very puzzled expression of countenance. "Excuse me, sir, but are you Mr. Forbes?"

"Yes, Forbes is my name."

"Well, sir, the American gentleman who has just left the house—very strange gentleman he appears to be—came to me a few moments ago and asked me to give you this slip of paper. But the strange part of the matter is, gentlemen, that he handed me a note of hand for 2,000*l.*, payable this day three years, for which I gave him a receipt. He said it was some bet he had made with you, Mr. Forbes, and that you would understand about it."

"I felt as if I were in a sort of serio-comic dream; but mechanically took the slip of paper of which the manager had spoken—there were only a very few words on it—"This day three years,



May 19, 1885, at five in the afternoon, in the smoking-room, Langholm Hotel, Z. J."

"Where is the gentleman now?" I cried, starting from my chair.

"Immediately after speaking to me, he left the hotel, and calling a Hansom, drove off."

"I sank back, seeing that I had been outwitted, and feeling very much inclined to use strong language.

"Jack came over to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, 'He's a sharp hand at a bargain; but cheer up, old fellow, we'll take the wind out of his sails before we've done with him. Let me see, now—I've just sold out of the 71st, and don't well know what to do with myself. So I'm your man for any mountainous exorcism from this to Timbuctoo.'"

"Thanks, my dear fellow," cried I, grasping his hand; "but it won't do. I could not think of letting you go on this wild goose chase with me. Why, heaven only knows how long I shall be away from England; for do my utmost to win the bet I certainly shall."

"Don't talk any rubbish of that kind, about thanks. Why, I could not think of a more amusing employment, than seeing a little of the world, and at the same time cutting out our friend the Yankee. No, since I was partly the means of getting you into the scrape by talking at all to the man, I certainly mean to see you well out of it."

"So, after a great deal of talk, it was finally arranged that Jack Hilyar and I were to start together in search of the highest and most difficult mountains to be found. Of course, before anything more was done, we took care to find out that Mr. Zachariah Johnston was not a penniless adven-

turer, but had wherewithal to pay his debt, if he should lose. This point being ascertained, the next great question that arose was, what mountain we should attack. Switzerland had been long used up. Norway was voted too low for our purpose. The highest peaks of the Andes had already been attained. So that for a time we were at a loss. I suggested that it might be a good plan to cut out the American on his own soil, by conquering any peaks of the Rocky Mountains that were not already known to the Alpine Club; but, on careful consideration, we rejected the idea; as the hunters and trappers are familiar with them, and but little kudos is gained by a second ascent. A happy thought struck Jack. "I have it," he cried, "Central Africa and the Mountains of the Moon."

"The more we talked the thing over, the more we liked it. Utterly unknown to all Europeans, and surrounded by a sort of halo of mystery, these, of all others, were the mountains for us. Within a fortnight we had left London, laden with everything that could be by any possibility be of use to us in our distant explorations, and a good many things which certainly could not be so. My life, for a few days before we started, was made a burden to me by the enthusiasm which Jack showed for buying all kinds of strange articles which he asserted might come in handy. Among these, I remember, were a circular saw, a churn, and a barrel-organ. The last he asserted would be invaluable in appeasing the minds of the natives. In spite of the amount of our impedimenta, we were more successful than most African travellers. Gaining information from every possible source, and accompanied by a

perfect gang of natives from various tribes, who, in spite of their assertions, knew as little as we did ourselves, we wandered for nearly four months over hitherto untrodden ground before we even came in sight of the Moon Mountains. See them, however, we did; and there, in the midst of a mighty group, rose one giant peak, soaring far above the rest, and, in spite of the torrid zone, white with eternal snow.

‘On asking, as well as we could, of the natives, what the name of this peak was, they replied something that sounded like “Mumph Jomb.” This delighted us immensely, as their name for it, corrupt as it seemed to be, was an evident confirmation of the idea contained in the ancient rhyme that Mumbo Jumbo inhabited the Mountains of the Moon.

‘Well, sir, I need not trouble you with an account of all the difficulties we encountered before we reached the top of Mumph Jomb. So often were we driven back by storms, and mists, and falling stones, that the natives were conformed in their original impression of the mountain being haunted, and absolutely refused to go with us any more.

‘Jack and I were thus left alone to fight it out with the great peak, and at last we conquered it. It was the third day after we had been left alone that we cut our way up the last ice slope leading to the top. I happened to be first at the moment, and as the last step was cut, I sprang on to the clear space on the top with a wild cheer. The sight that met my eyes there, however, very nearly made me stagger back over the edge. Quietly seated on the very highest point was our friend Zachariah Johnston, picking his teeth with his bowie-knife. “I reckon you’re half an hour late,

stranger,” he remarked, in a cheerful tone of voice. “While you made tracks up one side of this ere mountain, I did similar up the other; but I guess you’ll have to grease your boots better if you want to beat me at that game.” With that he took off his hat, and with a low, mocking bow, wished us good morning. Three minutes later he was lost to view down the same side of the mountain that he had ascended by.

‘I need hardly tell you that we felt greatly crushed by this melancholy termination of our first attempt, and it was in very low spirits indeed that we made our way down the mountain and returned, after some weeks’ travelling, to Cairo.

‘It was while staying there that a glorious plan developed itself in our brains, more ambitious and more daring than anything that had yet been conceived by man. We were in search of mountains, why not go to the highest of all mountains, the Himalayas? and, amongst these, why not attempt the highest of them all—Mount Everest? The highest mountain in the world! We became perfectly fascinated by the idea. By day we talked of nothing else, and at night, Mount Everest haunted our dreams.

‘At first, we feared that it would be hopeless attempting it, on account of the very rare state of the atmosphere on the top; but, on examining records of balloon ascents, we found, to our relief, that aeronauts had been to even greater heights without experiencing any very great difficulty in breathing. Before starting for the Himalayas, we sent to England for several things which we conceived necessary for our new undertaking; amongst others, for a small balloon. This last was owing to a suggestion of mine, as

I fancied it might, in some cases, prove useful. I also wrote to Grindelwald for two of the best guides at that time in Switzerland—Cachat and Morel, offering them such liberal terms, that I felt sure they would agree to come. Of these two, I knew Cachat personally, and had more than once had occasion to see his skill at ice work, so you may imagine my annoyance when I got a letter from him, saying that he could not go, as he was already engaged for a distant expedition, by another monsieur; he thought he was an American monsieur who had engaged him. This was unfortunate, but Morel was able to come, and duly met us at Alexandria. After a successful voyage and a somewhat uninteresting journey through the plains of Northern India, we at last reached the base of the great mountain chain containing innumerable vast forms, beside which Mont Blanc would appear an insignificant hillock. Well, here began our difficulties; we were obliged to organize a large body of natives to act as porters. It being quite uncertain how many weeks, or even months, we might be far removed from human habitation, it was, of course, necessary to bring a very large supply of provisions, as well as tents, warm clothing, and the implements which we hoped to make use of in the ascent. The best maps of that region which we had been able to procure in Bombay were so utterly inaccurate, that it was impossible to depend on them in the least. Having reached the base of Mount Everest itself, we found it necessary to take a sort of rough survey ourselves, and to make a number of preliminary excursions on the sides of the mountain. We established a camp about 12,000 feet above sea level, which, from the vast height of

the plateau, was scarcely above the base of the mountain itself. We found, however, that the natives could not stand a greater amount of cold than that. Morel, Jack, and I used to make expeditions high up on the sides of the neighbouring mountains, armed with a good glass, and from thence try to see our best route in attacking Everest. Till about half the distance to the top had been passed we saw that we should have nothing but vast snow-fields, but then it would be necessary to pass along a terrible *arrête*—steep, and bounded by frightful precipices. After a careful examination of this through the glass, the Swiss guide pronounced it to be very difficult, but not impossible. Beyond this there seemed to be a perpendicular ice-wall; but we knew how deceptive such things are when looked at in the face, especially at such a distance, and trusted to being able to cut our way up it. We waited till there seemed to be a prospect of settled fine weather, and then, early one morning, the three of us started from our camp, laden with provisions for several days, blankets, and my precious balloon in a little silk case. In the highest spirits, we ascended steadily, roped, of course, over miles of unbroken snow. Occasionally one or other of us would disappear down a hidden crevasse, but the others soon pulled him out. When night came on we scooped a large hole in the snow, and, wrapped in our blankets, did not feel much the worse for the intense cold. For three days we were on this giant snow slope, and, during this part of the ascent, experienced less difficulty than we had expected. But on the fourth day, we came to the point where it was necessary to take to the terrible *arrête* which we had

observed previously with the glass. Without exception, it was the most terrific place I have ever found myself on. For seven hours we had to advance, step by step, along that fearful knife-like edge. A perpendicular precipice, nearly four miles in sheer depth, yawned on our right, and on our left was a snow slope so steep that a single slip must of necessity prove fatal. Fortunately, none of the party did slip; and at last, to our great relief, we got to the end of the *arrête*, and found ourselves on a comparatively smooth plateau of frozen snow. We pushed on rapidly, till we came to an ice-wall, directly barring our way, and so perpendicular that we could not entertain the thought of cutting our way up it. Under this we halted for the night, though beginning to feel very much the effects of the rare atmosphere and the intense cold. None of us were able to close an eye that night, and at earliest dawn I got the apparatus ready for filling the balloon. In a couple of hours all was prepared; and as the little car would only hold one, I volunteered to be the first to try it. A long rope was attached to the car, which the others let out as I ascended. As soon as the top of the ice-wall was reached, I got out and fastened the rope securely to a huge block of ice, and the others, without difficulty, pulled themselves up. We left the rope there to assist our descent, and pressed on to the summit. We were now on a small level plateau, from the centre of which rose a cone. This we could see at a glance must be the top. It was with great difficulty that we could breathe, but the excitement made us forget everything. The three

of us together rushed up the cone, and in another moment a frantic shout—frantic though weak and quivering—announced that we had attained to the summit of Mount Everest—that we stood on the highest spot in the world. I cannot describe to you the ecstasy of the moment—more than repaying the long months of preparation, and toil, and weariness which we had gone through. And above all came the thought that now at length my honour was secured—that there was no danger of the American ever rivaling the feat of to-day.

‘But soon came other and nobler thoughts. “How wonderful it is to consider,” I soliloquized, “that this snow has never been trodden by the foot of man—that never, during the thousands of years which have rolled over the world since the time of the flood, has the eternal stillness of the mountain-top been broken by aught save the howling of the blast.”

“That’s a very fine idea of yours about the flood,” interrupted Jack, “but, hanged if I ever knew before that the Antediluvians used to go in for soda-water.”

‘As he spoke, he held up a soda-water bottle which he had noticed sticking up through the snow. I feel sure that I grew very pale as I snatched it from his hand, and drew out the cork. A slip of paper was inside, and on it were written the following words:

“Zachariah Johnston, April 1st, 1884.” Just a week before the day I read it.

‘Well, sir, I need hardly finish my story; I think I have gone far enough to show that I have good reason to dislike betting.’

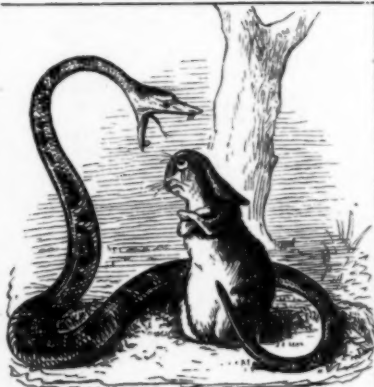
HERBERT WILSON.



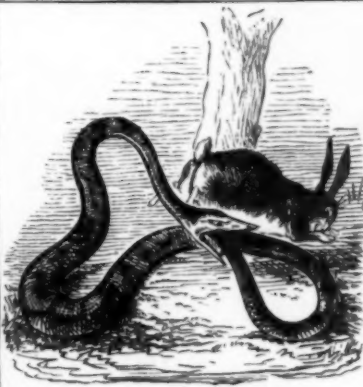
1-INTRODUCTION



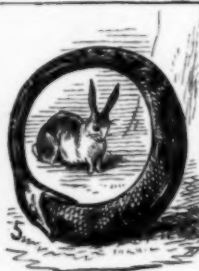
2-HIDE & SEEK



3-MARTYRDOM



4-THE BEGINNING OF THE END



- OUR TAIL DRAWS TO A CLOSE -

Drawn by W. Ralston.]

A TALE OF THE ZOO.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. CXLII.

2 A

## MORE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

NOW that the season is drawing to a close, we once more look back upon its literary stores. We shall have more leisure for books in the summer and the autumn days, than when they first came out amid the hurry and occupations of rival attractions. Our readers will like some pleasant books to take with them in their wanderings or their retirement; only they must be books of a certain kind. We do not shrink from heavy books occasionally, and if we are ever to read such, we must do so before the busy life of town recommences. But at present we are speaking of a holiday time, and we must have a kind of holiday literature. Nothing in the way of physics or of metaphysics will suit us now; any kind of science is to be received with a kind of mental protest; we have not much inclination, neither, indeed, is there much opportunity, for history and philosophy. We can hardly expect any tired Londoner to grapple with those books 'which no gentleman's library ought to be without,' while he passes through the Rhine scenery, is luxuriating in Switzerland, or trying what invigoration he can procure by the air and landscapes of our own country. But there is a certain region of literature indicated by that familiar old phrase *Belles-lettres*, which will sufficiently limit and define our paper; travel, biography, poetry, criticism. Of course, novelistic literature would form an important limb of any such classification; but we find by experience that novels will generally take care of themselves without much help from reviewers. It may be interesting for our readers, if we select and rapidly pass in re-

view some selected books from other departments.

In such a selection, and in this season of the year, books of travel will have a special interest. Many of them are constructed especially for the benefit of the intending tourist; there is one, we notice, which instructs him how he may visit Spa and the Ardennes for a ten pound note. There is now a somewhat considerable literature, though not very attractive, of cheap travel. Cheap travel may, however, be easily obtained, and sometimes may be more useful than expensive travel. For instance, we believe that it would be a real help towards remedying the evils of Ireland, and a capital method for acquiring and enlarging sound political ideas, if there were a much larger annual immigration of English people into Ireland. People go out in numbers to the Continent—in critical times they have even gone out to India and the Crimea—with a public spirit and an enlightened curiosity which they have hardly exhibited in an equal degree in the case of Ireland. It is not only that the spending of Saxon money would do good, but an interchange of ideas and experiences between the two islands is one of the things mainly wanted to weld them into true union and solidarity. Dr. James Macaulay has given us a 'Tour of Observation in Ireland in 1872,' a very tempting title; for every tour, to be worth anything, should realize the title of a 'Tour of Observation.' In the case of the book before us, we are bound to say that the design is somewhat better than the execution. In the present volume Dr. Macaulay is not so much observant as reflective. It



is careful, thoughtful, high-toned, but its style is too much that of the leading article or review; it has little of the lights and shadows, the description, incidents, dialogue, which such a title suggests. If the reader wishes to have some fair and thorough discussion on much debated subjects—the O'Keefe case, National Education, University Education, the Land Acts, Home Rule, questions of race, questions of religion, he will find those matters fairly argued out, though, perhaps, with a superabundance of quotation. The book will suit earnest and sincere thinkers on such subjects; but it is not a book of summer travels, except that it may be warmly recommended to actual tourists in Ireland, as likely to correct and enlarge their own lines of observation.

A slighter book altogether—not a bit of stiff reading about it—is 'A Month at Gastein.' This is genuine and pleasant. Most people will sympathise with the author. His brain was overworked, and his doctor told him to go to Gastein. Everybody would be looking at the map, to find out where Gastein might happen to be, if it really possesses the charm of restoring the overwrought brain. We sometimes look with envy at the advertisements that tell us to go to Rosherville and 'Spend a Happy Day.' Ah! if a happy day could only be secured by the simple expedient of going to Rosherville! We have not been—we will not go to Rosherville. Let it remain in the recesses of our imagination as the blissful spot where human happiness is perhaps attainable. It is something the same way with Gastein. Our author went there and found the atmosphere—not to put too fine a point upon it—muggy. The local doctor explained, however, that the charm of the place lay, not in the climate

but in the baths. The character of this local doctor, with all his pleasant instructive talk, is exceedingly well brought out. We almost feel inclined to rush off to Gastein when we read the description of the bath: 'A calm, soothing sense of stillness crept over mind and body; a sense of rest and repose unspeakably delicious. The air, if warm, seemed light; the feet scarcely appeared to touch the ground, so buoyant was the body.' Gastein grew very much on his affection and imagination, and by-and-by he is hardly able to find words to express its praises. Still we cannot make out whether Gastein really had that recuperative effect which he claims for it. Eventually he tells the doctor that the air though pure does not suit him; that he feels almost suffocated, as if the mountains were falling upon him and the valleys closing in. The doctor gives the stereotyped consolation that the benefits of Gastein are not so much felt on the spot as they are experienced some months later. In the latter part of the work the author has left Gastein, and gives us other scenes and experiences. We seek, with the most anxious politeness, to inquire into the state of his health and whether the baths have worked a specific cure; but on this interesting topic no information is vouchsafed us. The author is probably of opinion that having stated his facts, we are at liberty to draw any conclusion we choose; but his own evidence is so conflicting, that we do not see our way to do so.

If we desire to go a stage further in travel matter, there is a book on 'Missionary Enterprise in the East,' by the Rev. R. Collins, which is one of the best that have appeared since Livingstone told us of his missionary travels in Africa. The information that he gives us respecting the ancient Syrian Church

that has existed in India since the days of St. Thomas, is highly interesting and curious. Mr. Collins' heart is in his mission work, but he might have appropriately entitled his work 'A Naturalist's Residence in Travancore.' His description of the Back-water, an inland sea which runs parallel with the sea coast, and is only separated from it by a narrow strip of sand constituting a long dense garden of cocoa trees, is intensely interesting. It is something like Slapton Sands in South Devon, only on an immensely enlarged scale. His special mission was to bring the modern Syrian church of India into affinity with Anglicanism; and although he does not seem to have done very much in this way, yet in other directions his work has borne good fruits. Mr. Collins shows much more moderation and good sense than is always met with in missionary annals. He refuses to join in the ignorant, indiscriminate cry to abolish all distinctions of caste in India. He argues: 'We should hardly expect the most liberal-minded of evangelical clergymen in England to sanction the marriage of his daughter with his butler's son on the ground that all men are of one blood; why should we deny to the Hindu the same social principles that rule ourselves?' Mr. Collins has some strong suspicions that if a Hindu marries out of caste, he is taken off by poison. We are afraid that India, notwithstanding our enormous complex interests there, is not a popular subject. A House of Commons can hardly be got together to discuss the most important Indian interest, and an Indian book or lecture gets but a scanty audience. This is the more to be regretted as a silent marvellous organic change is taking place in the framework of Hindostan society; the old religions are relaxing their

grasp, and the civilized Hindus are becoming cultivated, atheistical, and cosmopolitan. Mr. Collins has an admirable descriptive vein, and he not only vividly delineates the country but he throws great light on the problems of imperial rule in India, and assists us in understanding the most important Indian questions. If our readers desire a still more enlarged sphere of travel, let us just recommend, in passing, Baron Hübner's '*Voyage autour du Monde*.'

Now let us turn to Biography. The biographical literature of last season is unusually prolific. Scientific biography is frequently only interesting to scientific people, but such books as the lives of Forbes the naturalist and Moschelles the musician have a wider interest. There is a personal and ethical value belonging to the life of the late Principal Forbes that makes us regret that the biography is not accessible apart from the science. Forbes led the way in Alpine adventure and science, and his theory of glacier motion—however much Rendu and Agassiz may have worked at the same notion at the same time—was original to him, and laid the basis of all true theory respecting glacier action and growth. His life and writings ought to be especially interesting just now to tourists in Switzerland. His mother had been first and best love of Walter Scott; and, long after she was dead, and thirty years after the event to which he alluded, Scott wrote: 'I remembered the name I had once carved in Runic characters beside the castle gates, and asked why it should still agitate my heart.' Forbes was an exquisite character; he stood, as it were, apart on the pyramid of science, and he was an example which Mr. Matthew Arnold might profitably study, of humble devoutness and belief. As a child

he was passionately fond of science; while still in his teens he contributed to 'Brewster's Philosophical Journal,' and he was little more than of age when he defeated Brewster for the Natural Philosophy Chair at Edinburgh. Herschel spoke of Forbes as 'marked by Nature for scientific distinction, if he should continue to aim at its attainment.' His splendid advances and discoveries in science are among the most famous in modern times. His health broke down under the intense mental strain. The story of his last days is very touching. He resorted to that kindest and most celebrated of provincial physicians, Dr. Symonds of Clifton, in whom he found the faithful friend who did so much to cheer and help him on the downward slope of life. The plan has been adopted of making the biography the work of three different writers, with some help from the fourth, Sir William Thomson; and we hear that the same plan is to be adopted in the contemplated biography of Forbes' great friend Dr. Whewell; but such a literary plan must, we think, prevent any biography being a work of art, and must also, we fear, prevent its general acceptance by the public.

A somewhat quaint and peculiar, but highly interesting and veritable kind of biography, is a work written by Dr. Spencer T. Hall (not to be confounded with the Librarian of the Athenæum Club), who, as 'The Sherwood Forester,' has enjoyed—if it be enjoyment—a not inconsiderable reputation in his day. There is a striking original element pervading his 'Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People, chiefly from Personal Recollection.' We meet with many remarkable people with whom the world is familiar enough; and some of his sketches of provincial society are photo-

graphed to the life, and would do honour to any author. There are few more touching chapters than that in which he gives an account of his long friendship and correspondence with the late Duke of Rutland. The duke was very fond of Dr. Hall's writings, and used to read them aloud to his children at Belvoir Castle. The last letters and the last interview are described with genuine pathos. On the last day of a year the good duke addressed all his servants, thanking his 'kind friends' for their good order and attention to their duties, and expressing his hope that he had been able to contribute to their welfare and happiness, and trusted 'that the year which was just about to begin might be equally propitious and prosperous to the whole domestic circle and connection of which he was proud and happy to be, he would not say the master, but the chief partner—the responsible head and guiding hand.' The good duke concluded amid murmurs of 'God bless your grace.' It is in such kindly feeling that we see the true solution of the master and servant problem. Mr. Hall is still more in his element when he describes his friendship with poets, such as James Montgomery and Bernard Barton; when he tells us the simple story of his parents' country lives; when he describes his own struggles and adventures; when he brings before us the simple severe lives of dissenting preachers, and half-known literary men, and provincial celebrities; and often muses, in a prose-poetic style which to many readers will prove exceedingly attractive. The sketch of the last Earl of Carlisle—the present one has entirely disappeared from English society—is extremely good. Those who take an interest in

animal magnetism will remember that at one time Mr. Hall was, perhaps, the most eloquent and best known exponent of the new science; but he has, perhaps, a sounder reputation in his books, which abound in excellent memoirs and memorabilia.

We now approach one of the most beautiful books that we have seen for many years, a work for the fresh morning hours or quiet evenings of the recess. In the 'Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge' we have a portraiture of one of the clearest minds and heavenliest dispositions that have ever blessed our fallen orb. She was the daughter of that great poet, and still greater philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who in intellectual ancestry is directly related to all the earnest and enlightened thinkers who have succeeded him in this country. Her father had looked into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own. She was a great exponent of her father's philosophy, editing and elucidating the numerous Coleridgean volumes that issued from the press after his death. She was a saint, a poetess, and a scholar; we almost wonder whether such learned and accomplished ladies will continue to be found. Her thoughts appear to go to the very heart of things; we have never read the language of clearer and more trenchant criticism. She unconsciously unveils a nature of the rarest tenderness, and even of feminine weakness, but, withal, she was a learned lady who understood Greek and wrote for the 'Edinburgh Review.' We best imagine her as she was described by Wordsworth:—

'When some high-wrought page  
Of a closed volume, lingering in thy hand,  
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand  
Among the glories of a happier age.'

Sir Francis Palgrave once called her a John Bulliana. This well indicates her upright and down-right character. She always spoke the truth, and even when it was wholesomely bitter it was always spoken in love. Truth she worshipped with a rare and absolute fidelity. This is why she utterly distrusted the spirit of party, because it leads us to indorse people and principles where we are not thoroughly persuaded of their truth. Her letters to her husband, and cousin, Harry Nelson Coleridge, are full of exquisite thought and feeling; they show to what rare spiritual heights marriage can attain. It was her lot to lose husband, brother, children, many friends; and, although she tells us she habitually desired to cultivate cheerfulness, this gives an undertone of grief to her correspondence.

Some of the literary notices are very interesting, and some at the present day are quaint enough. She writes in 1846: 'A book which has interested me much of late is a thick volume by a graduate of Oxford, whose name is Ruskin, on the superiority of the modern landscape painters to the old masters in that line—a man of genius, full of knowledge, and that firmness of observation which genius produces.' She criticises Trentham in a passage which might have been translated to the Shah, and be studied by the Duke of Sutherland. 'The show part of the house and grounds may be found fault with. Ten acres of flower-garden defeats its own object by disproportionateness—endless succession of flower-fantasticalities and lawn and shrubbery artificialities. The park with its deer is good; but I like not the Arabian deserts of gravel extended as far as eye can go before the

house; with the dull series of clipped laurel clumps to imitate the Versailles orange-trees, which seem intended to illustrate the stupidity of identity.' She had an interesting evening with Macaulay, who, she thought, had some sort of resemblance to her father, the great S. T. C. Macaulay 'was in great force, and I saw the likeness (amid great unlikeness) to my father, as I had never seen it before. It is not in the features, which in my father were, as Lawrence says, more vague, but resides very much in the look and expression of the material of the face, the mobility, softness, and sensitiveness of all the flesh—that sort of look which is so well expressed in Sir Thomas Lawrence's beautiful unfinished portrait of Wilberforce. I mean that the *kind* was common to Wilberforce, but the species alike in Macaulay and S. T. C. The eyes are quite unlike—even opposite in expression—my father's in-looking and visionary, Macaulay's out-looking and objective. His talk, too, though different as to sentiment and matter, was like a little in manner.' A large part of the correspondence consists of letters to her brother-in-law, the veteran ex-judge, Sir J. T. Coleridge, and they are always interesting and good. We honestly recommend this work as one of the most interesting and elevated that we have read for many a long day.

Dean Alford was a man who did good work in the Church and in the world, and who stamped his own impress on many minds. In his biography by his widow we are not likely to meet with much criticism on his shortcomings; nor shall we attempt such an ungracious office ourselves. That must, however, have been a most profound ig-

norance of the laws of health that led him to cut short his days by unnecessary and uncalled-for labours. Alford was a singularly pure-hearted, truth-loving, hard-working, straightforward man. Those who were brought within the range of his personal influence, or that of his works, found that influence stimulating and healthful. His was a cultivated, guileless, earnest, happy life; and he has given a clear transcript of it in the interesting diaries incorporated in the biography. Indeed in various directions he left a much greater impress on his time than many a man of greater eminence and genius. He did a great deal in introducing the study of German theology, at which the ordinary clerical mind of his day stood aghast. He insisted on the necessity of Biblical revision, and did much to impress the ordinary clerical mind with this idea. He made the most remarkable approaches made as yet to brotherhood and conciliation with Nonconformists. His bold, honest, independent way of thinking and speaking did much to shame others out of indolence and insincerity. He addressed himself manfully to a great and elevated undertaking, in which he is not yet superseded, although he would be thankful that a better work should supersede his own. He wrote an immense deal—nothing that was really bad, much that was really good, and a good deal that was indifferent. In his later years, so far as literature was concerned, he mainly subsided into writing for periodicals, and produced an amount of work which a *littérateur* by profession cannot often rival. We are happy to welcome an illustrious *confrère*; but he overdid it, and, we are afraid, killed himself thereby.

His first appearance was as a

poet, and as a poet he is still read by many with delight. He had seventeen years' village retirement as a country parson, amid books and pupils, and then came an equal period of eminence and popularity. At Quebec chapel, at Canterbury, and, we may add, at Rome, he became a great social force. It was not the least of his distinctions that he was several times asked to preach before the Queen. He writes, under year 1865: 'On my return to the deanery I heard the Queen had sent to say she wished to see me with the dean at three. We were shown into a small room, the Prince Consort's private sitting-room, full of furniture, with many little comforts about. The queen entered by a door opposite. We all stood: the interview lasted about half an hour. . . . Her manner was very kind and gentle, quite such as to lead one on and make one at home.' Her gracious majesty has always been remarkable for the way in which she has drawn to herself every pre-eminent mind, and her personal knowledge of the good and great men in her realm is immense, and probably far beyond that which is enjoyed by any of her subjects. Taking up another of the Biographies of the Season the other day, the 'Personal Biography of George Grote,' we perceive how that philosophical Radical and his wife were admitted to the hospitalities of Windsor Castle, and were delighted with the royal children. We have seldom noticed a more remarkable contrast than between the life of Alford and the life of Grote. Each was a great Greek scholar, and in each case the widow is the biographer. The Life of Grote is a wonderful work for a lady eighty years of age. Grote also overworked himself. He would stay in-doors for twenty-

two hours out of the twenty-four, and his waking hours were work. But here all resemblance ends. The two minds are utterly dissimilar. Such a man as Dr. Stanley is a link between the two, and appears in each biography. The main subjects with which Dean Alford was occupied seemed to have been repellant to the mind of Mr. Grote. He was one of those men who detest a parson. And Alford, scholar and *littérateur* as he was, was out-and-out a parson. Mrs. Grote, however, gladly reprints Dean Stanley's eloquent eulogium. We have read Grote's life with a view of carefully discussing it with our readers, but it has been so extensively reviewed—both the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly' have reviews in their current numbers—that we must content ourselves with the hearty advice to read it. Dean Alford's life is not so well known, but it is, perhaps, still better worth perusal.

It is not often that a theological volume has an authorship and interest that would warrant our mention. Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma' is the remarkable exception. Mr. Arnold is good as a poet, excellent as a critic, but he is in strange waters now; he is bewildering and bewildered. His work is a kind of crusade against 'Aberglaube,' extra belief, belief beyond what is certain or verifiable, albeit Goethe called this 'Aberglaube' 'the poetry of life.' But Mr. Arnold has contrived to make his work repulsive to every order of religious thought. Anything more blasphemous, after some experience in that sort of thing, we have never met than the reference to the three Lords Shaftesbury. He holds that all Christians start alike on a mere hypothesis, incapable of proof, that there really



is a God; and all Christians will feel that he is in direct antagonism to themselves. The harsh flippant way in which he condemns right and left those who do not agree with him, strikes us as being in abominably bad taste. We do not so much mind his absurdly exaggerated attacks upon the Bishop of Gloucester and the late Bishop of Winchester, for those popular prelates expressed themselves carelessly when they ought to have spoken with the utmost care. He says of Mr. Maurice, 'that he passed his life beating the bush with deep emotion, and never starting the hare.' As for Archdeacon Denison, his words are, 'A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' Probably even this book of Matthew Arnold's has its value, as a sort of intellectual stimulant, and as a warning to the clerical order to put themselves *en rapport* with the *littérateur* order. But as there was a famous old-fashioned divine who used to say that if he found the first slice of a leg of mutton stinking, he did not care to go on with the joint, some imagine that most readers, as soon as they have taken in the drift of Mr. Arnold's work, will hardly feel inclined to persevere with it 'to the bitter end.' The work appears to us to be based on a series of utter misconceptions, and the author is wandering in a strange region, and jabbering a strange language, with an utterly unsuccessful attempt to know the ways and speak the dialect of the country. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's book, 'Why I am a Christian,' may be recommended as a kind of antidote.

A paper of this kind would be sadly incomplete, unless we said something of poetry—and, alas! good poetry is rare, increasingly rare. There is any amount of poetry published, and, for our

own part, we are glad to see the commonness of that amount of feeling and mastery of expression that enables people to write printable poetry, but there is not much poetry really worth publication. We have in our hands, however, one of the sweetest books of verse to which we have ever given a repeated and delighted perusal in 'Woodnotes and Church Bells,' by the Rev. Richard Wilton. To many, many of these poems will be familiar, as one or two have been printed in the 'Times,' and others have also had an extensive circulation. Mr. Wilton's mastery of the sonnet—the true Italian sonnet; one central thought set in flowing harmonious numbers—is especially observable. His special merits are purity and elevation of tone, perfect polish in the mechanism of his verse, a Wordsworthian gift in deciphering the spiritual meanings of nature, great subtleness and intense tenderness in the analogies and religious suggestiveness of his writings. A few of the poems are somewhat weak, and would be best omitted from the next edition. We quote a little gem, after the manner of Herrick, that has been set to music by Sir F. Gore Ouseley, the Oxford Professor of Music:—

' Sweet violets, we joy to hail  
Your lovely blooms once more,  
Cerulean purple, snowy pale,  
And fragrant as of yore;  
Oh, where  
Hide ye your petals fair,  
Before  
Mysterious winds of March  
Come wandering down the sheltered  
vale  
And tuft with rose the larch?

' Sweet nightingales, we joy to hear  
Your happy wildwood song  
Thrilling once more the moonlight  
clear  
With music soft and strong;

Oh, where  
 Hide ye through winter bare,  
 And long  
 Before the voice of Spring  
 Bids you return to charm our ear,  
 On ocean-wandering wing?

'Dear saints in heaven, arrayed in light,  
 Singing to harps of gold,  
 Your glory ravishes my sight;  
 Where wandered ye of old?  
 Oh, where  
 Found ye that beauty rare—  
 Untold?

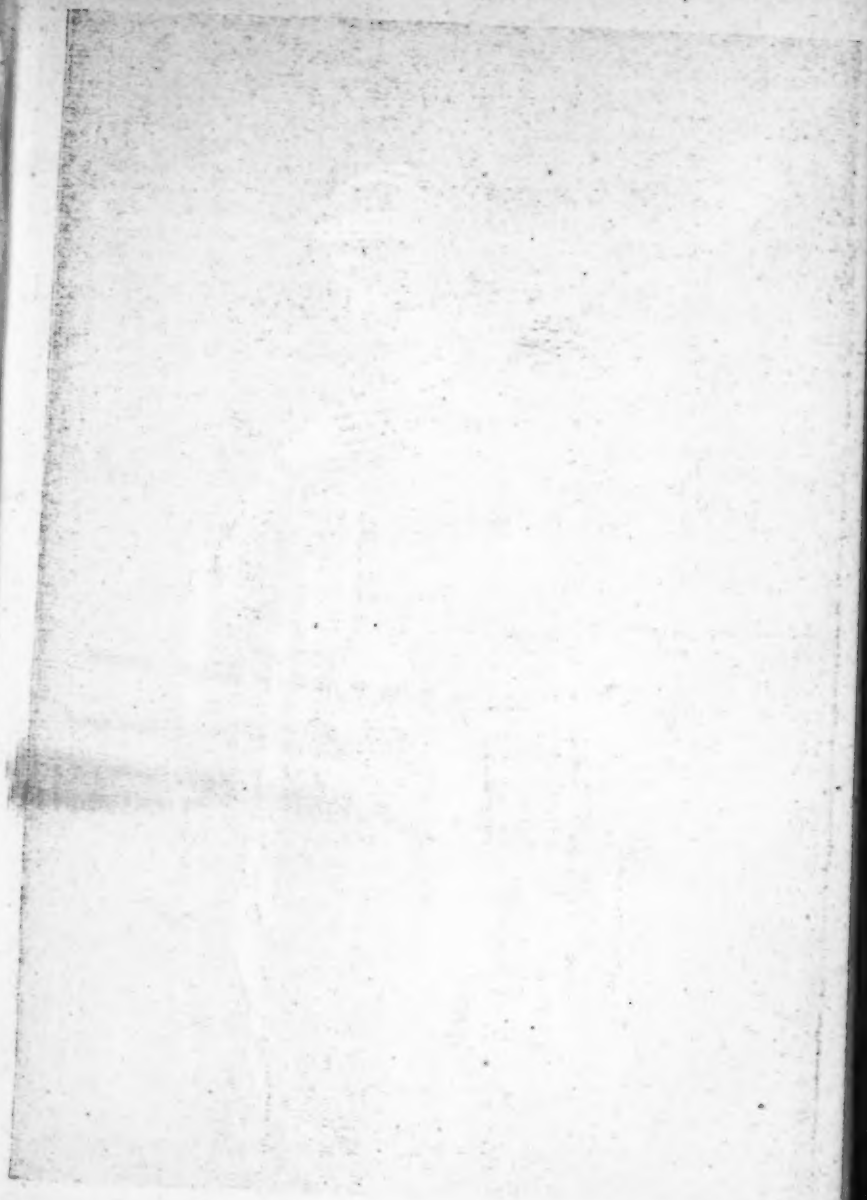
"'Neath a dim tree on earth  
 We washed our robes and made them  
 white,  
 And tuned our harps to mirth!"'

There is another class of books, to which, if our space admitted, we should have been glad to call attention, as somewhat peculiar in character. We mean those books which are written with a view to satisfy public curiosity, or supply

information, when some new subjects come prominently before the public. Passing over merely manufactured books, it is easy to connect such works as Mr. Columbo's 'Slave-catching in the Indian Ocean,' and Mr. Clement Markham's 'History of Persia,' with recent events in contemporary history. For our own part, we are glad to welcome any works that enable the public to understand current history, and believe we can hardly have too intimate a union between politics and literature. Mr. Masson's long-expected third volume of the 'Life of Milton' is the most striking example of this combination, in that seventeenth century which is so directly related to the nineteenth.

F. A.





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Drawn by A. H. Wall.]

BRIDES OF 'LONDON SOCIETY.'

NO. III.—THE ANGLO-SAXON BRIDE. (A.D. 895.)

## BRIDES OF LONDON SOCIETY.

## III. THE ANGLO-SAXON BRIDE. A.D. 895.

WHEN the Anglo-Saxons settled in Britain the patriarchal system was in full force. The father was absolute master in his own family; he sold his daughter in marriage, his son in slavery. When St. Augustine landed in the island the maiden was a simple article of property, her price fixed at so many head of cattle.

The primitive mode of procuring a wife was this. When a youth had fixed his choice upon a maiden, he went with a band of friends and carried her off, probably with her own secret connivance. The relations followed in hot pursuit, a feud between the families ensued, and was only appeased by the lover agreeing to pay the value fixed upon by the father for retaining possession of the maiden, he giving a 'wed,' or security for his performance of the contract—hence the word wedding. This custom of stealing the bride is as ancient as the Spartans, and is still kept up in Brittany, where it forms one of the ceremonies of the marriage festivities.

The bargain made, the amount of the 'morning gift' settled upon, the contracting parties took each other by the hand and proclaimed themselves man and wife; the ring was placed on the first finger of the left hand; and the father, having received the purchase-money, delivered his daughter over to her husband, as the ancient laws say:

'If a man buy a maiden  
With cattle, let the bargain stand,  
If it be without guile;  
But if there be deceit,  
Let him bring her home again,

And let the man give him back his money.'—*Ancient Laws and Institutions of England.*

The transfer of authority was made by a symbolical gift; the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, and the latter touched her over the head with it—a ceremony which took its origin in the custom of placing the foot on the neck of a slave, and was typical of the wife's subjection to her husband—a ceremony still preserved in the popular custom of 'throwing the shoe.'

The day after the wedding the bridegroom gave the 'morning' gift—supposed to be voluntary, but according to the value stipulated. It was general among the Teuton race, and often estates of some value were thus bestowed. When Athelstan's sister Eadgirth married the Emperor Otho, his morning gift was the city of Magdeburg.

Of the bridal attire we have yet to allude; whether it differed from the usual costume we are unable to say. The garments worn by the Anglo-Saxon women were few and simple. An under garment, sometimes of linen, sometimes of various colours, reached nearly to the ground, so as to cover the greater part of the feet; the sleeves, descending to the wrists, were arranged in small rolls or wrinkles as high as the elbows. The exterior garment—gunna or gown—was a long robe with loose sleeves, confined with a girdle adorned with embroidery, for which the Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famed.

The mantle, an essential part of the dress, hung down before

and behind, except when looped up by the raised arms. No change for three centuries took place in its form or in the manner of wearing it.

But the most indispensable part of dress appropriated to the Anglo-Saxon women was the kerchief, by the Normans called *couvrechef*, or head-dress always worn out of doors. Its breadth was sufficient to reach from the top of the forehead to the shoulders, and covered the head completely, so that no part of the hair could be seen. It was usually wrapped round the neck so as entirely to cover the chest, one end of it being sometimes left loose, flowing on one side or the other of the shoulders, and must have been of great elegance. It was worn of various colours—green, blue, or red.

Although the kerchief completely concealed the hair, yet this was carefully cherished and allowed to grow most luxuriantly, probably twisted and curled with irons, like that of the men, whose flowing golden hair often hung down on either side of the shoulders. Edward the Confessor is recorded to have worn his so long that Bishop Wulfstan preached a sermon against the fashion in the king's presence; but finding his words unheeded, when any of the nobles bent down before him to receive his blessing he cut off a lock of his hair with a sharp knife he kept in his pocket for the purpose, enjoining him, under dreadful judgments, to sever the rest himself.

The Anglo-Saxons were celebrated throughout Europe for their jewelry, their gold filagree ornaments. Rings and bracelets were not abundant, for they cared more for the decoration of their necks. Necklaces of variegated

colours, blue, yellow, red, and white beads of vitreous coating; a single lump of amber drilled and worn round the neck as a preservative against witchcraft; filagree gold fibulae, set with garnets, enamels, or glass paste, were their chief jewels, and an ornament dependent from the waist, a kind of *châtelaine*, held the keys of the chest, cupboard, and store, a knife, scissors, toothpick, bodkin, needles, tweezers, and other necessities for needlework or the toilet.

The Anglo-Saxon tenement consisted of an outer wall or earthwork inclosing the yard or court; the chief room was the hall; here the family dined, and many slept. Little rooms were set apart for the ladies outside, detached from the building; 'the 'bur,' or 'bower,' as it was termed, the walls hung with tapestry of their own workmanship; for the Anglo-Saxon ladies were much skilled in works of the needle. Here they worked and taught their children. Alfred's lessons were the teaching of his mother, Osburga. And most rigidly did they bring up their children and servants, enforcing obedience even to the administering of corporal punishment. King Ethelred's mother was, on one occasion, so incensed against the boy, that, the birch not being at hand, she beat him with candles, which caused him so to dread them all his life that he would never allow one to be lighted in his presence. In the discharge of her household occupations, the care of her children, needlework, and the cultivation of her garden and flowers, the Anglo-Saxon wife passed her time peacefully and happily in the quiet discharge of her several duties in the station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her.

## DOG SHOWS AND DOG TRIALS.

THE LATE BALA FIELD TRIALS, &c. &c.

BY OLD CALABAR.

**S**INCE dog shows were started fourteen years ago at Birmingham they have been steadily increasing throughout the United Kingdom. I have watched their progress carefully, and have long ago arrived at the conclusion (nor am I alone in my opinion) that our breed of sporting dogs is not one bit better than it was formerly, though it must be admitted, that good breeds are more known and diffused over the kingdom.

In very many cases, dogs that have taken first prizes are utterly useless for field puposes; and numbers have been *crossed* to get size, coat, head, &c.; but this has only been done by dishonest and unscrupulous breeders.

As a rule, I think I may say that judges have, till *lately*, done their duty fairly and impartially; but *now*, as the awards at some shows go, it is simply a farce, and many of the judges of the present day must be changed, if exhibitions are to continue popular.

At the late Crystal Palace dog show, one gentleman (Mr. Shirley), out of *fourteen* entries, took *nine* prizes.

The following letters appeared in the 'Field,' of June 28th, 1873. There is no doubt Mr. Naylor is perfectly right, and I quite agree with him in every point:

'THE LATE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

'SIR.—As I was not an exhibitor at the above show, it cannot be said that this letter emanates from a "disappointed exhibitor," and I have no interest in any way in any dog exhibited. I am of opinion that entire satisfaction will never

be given at a show as long as members of the committee are allowed to enter their dogs for competition. I was a witness of the judging, and a great amount of dissatisfaction was expressed by the bystanders that members of the committee were with the judges and in conversation with them when their own dogs were being judged. In the case of Mr. Shirley, it was duly noted that out of fourteen entries he took seven first prizes, one second, one extra prize, and of the remaining five three were very highly commended. This may be quite right if the dogs deserved all the honour accorded to them; but I do not hesitate to express an opinion (which I believe, from the many remarks I heard, would coincide with that of many visitors to the show,) that partiality was shown. I will take the case of the champion class for retrievers (Class 42); there were only two entries—Morley and Paris. Last year Morley took the prize against the same opponent, and Paris was awarded an extra prize; but this year Paris is first, and Morley (though in splendid condition) is simply very highly commended. This, I suppose, is one of those things that the judges only can explain; and they did not see, as I did, before judging, the dog Paris oiled and blacked. In the next class (43) Mr. Hull's Young Bounce takes first, and Mr. Shirley's Lady Evelyn is awarded an extra prize, though Morley in the previous class is not good enough for the extra prize awarded to Paris last year when beaten by Morley. I might write more in reference to other classes, but refrain at present.

'In my opinion fanciers would do well to keep their dogs at home, rather than compete with persons interested in the show, and where one of those persons carries off the chief honours in twelve out of fourteen classes.

'JOHN NAYLOR.

'Spon Lane, West Bromwich,  
'June 25.'

'P.S.—I have heard since the show that the dog Paris was bred by the judge, Mr. Moore, and, if so, that would perhaps explain the anomaly in one instance.'



'[The mere fact that the members of the committee obtain a large share of the prizes is not surprising, because it is well known that those gentlemen spare neither trouble nor money to obtain such dogs as are deserving of them. Nor is it easy to obtain the services of committeemen who are not exhibitors; though, when it is possible to do so, as at Birmingham, it is the best means of avoiding the suspicion of unfairness. The worst feature complained of at the recent show (and noticed in Mr. Naylor's postscript), as well as at many others held this year, was, that several dogs were awarded prizes by judges who had bred and sold them for large prices. In such cases it is certainly not surprising that the owners of competing dogs should suspect them of partiality.—Ed.]'

Another letter appeared the following week in the 'Field,' 5th July, 1873, to which the Editor appended this note:

'[As we remarked last week, there is no reason for surprise at the members of the Kennel Club taking so large a number of prizes, inasmuch as the club is composed of the leading exhibitors, who are admitted to possess a very large proportion of the best dogs. It is, however, entirely opposed to the ordinary practice in analogous cases that a section of the exhibitors should elect the judges, giving no votes to the remainder. Clearly, either the judges should be elected by a neutral party or by the votes of the exhibitors, as is now done in coursing meetings. Even during the time when committeemen were allowed to exhibit at Birmingham the election of judges was vested in the treasurer, and the committee were excluded from the show during the judging. If some change is not made in the present generally adopted plan of electing judges at dog shows, these exhibitions will degenerate into broad farce.—Ed.]'

I am one of those who care little for newspapers, or the opinions they express, and most certainly should not take the 'Field' as an authority, but in this matter, the Editor, though not a sportsman, according to my views of one, is right.

I am in possession of a letter from one who is behind the scenes and knows well what is going on; he says, '*the judges at the Crystal Palace are chosen by one gentleman,*

*and that no one interferes with him.*'

If such is the case, then all I can say is it is a most unfair proceeding, and it is no wonder the public are dissatisfied.

Latterly, a set, who have really no pretensions to act as judges, have been chosen to adjudicate, and this has disgusted exhibitors.

When we see gentlemen who are not *sportsmen*, or *shooting men*, chosen to judge sporting classes, it is no wonder owners of pointers and setters deride dog shows; the fact is, that promoters of many shows, in their *auri sacra fames*, get young men of fortune to act as judges, who have but little or no knowledge, and who foolishly take office, vanity being at the bottom of it.

The dog show of the kingdom is Birmingham; it has always held its own, and always will do so. Still there is no reason why others should not do as well. Possibly they may, in a remunerative point of view, but they do not give satisfaction to the public generally. I do not allude to grumbling exhibitors, who are for ever writing and complaining 'how unfairly they are treated,' and so on; I speak of the public generally.

There was no better judge of a pointer in England than the late George Moor, of Appleby Hall, Atherstone. He knew what a pointer was, and his awards were always received as coming from one who was thoroughly acquainted with the matter, and whose decisions were known to be correct.

The late Joseph Lang, the gun-maker of Cockspur Street, was a very good judge; and as a proof that he kept first-class animals I may mention that the dogs of my old friend, Mr. Whitehouse, of Ipsley Court, Redditch (who has taken more prizes with his pointers than any six exhibitors), are from Mr.

Lang's strain; they are not only good on the bench but equally good in the field.

It is amusing to read some of the letters which appear in the sporting papers. One great authority (at least in his own estimation) on shooting matters, who hails from North Wales, determined that all his doings should be chronicled, and put before the public, in a letter to a paper three years ago, stated, after giving the number of grouse he had killed, that 'he took iced water on the moors for his dogs.' Happy animals! I certainly never saw any one more chaffed than he was some time after at a dog trial about it.

The same gentleman, who is by no means a horsey man, in giving a testimonial to a well-known maker of dog biscuits, says, '*I have found them valuable for feeding horses on a long journey, where health and stamina are important objects*' (the italics are mine). Well, I am sure I do not know what testimonials and advertisements are coming to. If dogs' food will do for horses, then my forty years' experience in those animals goes for nothing.

I am quite aware of the difficulty of getting gentlemen who really understand it to judge at dog shows; but still they are to be had. To see, year after year, the same men officiating, is wearisome in the extreme. It is not fair to the majority of exhibitors, and boring to the public.

As many of the dog shows go now it is merely a party affair, and I am bound to say, though at the risk of offending many old friends, that the awards are far from correct.

I know I shall get hauled over the coals for stating this, but I have been too many years a public writer to care one farthing what reviewers may say of me; many,

very many of them, know as much about the subject they have been criticising as the man in the moon.

I have always been an advocate for dog shows, and what little good my purse or pen could do has been given freely, and I should be the last one to find fault did I not see there was ample reason for so doing.

An attempt was made some time ago to judge dogs by points, but all men who really knew what a dog was laughed at the idea, which was a thoroughly cockney-fied and unsportsmanly one. Judges who understand the animal can spot them without the aid of rule or tape.

I have been looking on the dark side of the question; now let us take the bright one. There can be no doubt that a dog show, well and properly carried out, is very amusing and interesting; if it does no good it cannot possibly do any harm. It not only brings a large number of handsome and valuable animals together, but friends meet who might otherwise seldom ever do so.

When certain keen and knowing men found out that dogs were being bred for the show-yard only, and which for sporting purposes were not worth their keep, field trials were instituted. This was a step in the right direction, but it is not always the best dog can win at a field trial; and I will explain why.

A brace of dogs are put down; one is a very fast one, the other not nearly so speedy. Suppose both to have equally good noses, it stands to reason that the faster dog will get the most points and thus win the trial; but it does not follow he is the better dog; he may not be a sticker, not one of the cut-and-come-again sort; a

couple of hours may sew him up; and the slower dog may be an untiring animal, who will go day after day; or it may so happen that the slower dog, though not nearly so fast or good as the other, may cross where the game lies, and beat the better animal. Or if two dogs of equal speed and merit are put down, one dog may quarter ground where the game lies, and the other not touch it.

Now there are not only many dogs who win at trials who are very speedy, but very good animals; and I think I need go no further than Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's Countess, a pure Laverack, which I consider the best and handsomest breed in the United Kingdom.

Countess, though a little undersized, was perhaps the best and fastest bitch in England, and most beautifully broken. The pace she could go at was something terrific. I have not seen her for more than a year and a half, but I have no doubt she is as speedy now as she was then.

At the last trials at Vaynol, the beautiful property of Mr. Assheton Smith, some three or four miles from Bangor, North Wales, many thought that Mr. Price's pointer, Belle, would beat Countess. Much interest was attached to the trial—pointer against setter. I felt quite confident that Belle, who has really nothing to recommend her, had no earthly chance. She was fast, very fast, but she had neither the nose nor the pace of the other, and the game untiring little setter secured an easy victory; the fact was Belle was no stickler, and the longer she ran the more she was beaten.

The last meeting but one at Vaynol, a trial of retrievers took place. Of all the ludicrous exhibitions connected with sporting

I ever saw, this beat all. There was a trap constructed resting on a tripod, such as photographers use; this trap had a false bottom, or door, which was pulled, and an unfortunate winged partridge tumbled to the ground—it was a dead failure. A wretched-looking animal took the prize, red in colour, a cross I should imagine, between a kangaroo and a badger, I think he was called The Devil, and he was well named. I would not give twopence a score for such animals.

Amongst the field trials, one took place some years ago at Bala, but it was looked upon as a failure. The country is not at all adapted for partridge trials—the walking is bad and the game scarce. I was not there myself, but one of the judges gave me the particulars. I have ever wondered, knowing the country as I do, having lived there for two years, why such a place should have been pitched upon; a much worse one could not easily have been found. Since then, the trials have been held in various other places: Vaynol, Shrewsbury, Hampshire, Cornwall, &c. There is no doubt that Shrewsbury is by far the better country for such trials, but the judging there for the last two years has given the greatest dissatisfaction; it is impossible to please all, but there seems to have been cause for complaint.

Hampshire is a notoriously bad scenting country, and I cannot regard the trials there as having been a success. The same may be said of Cornwall, but I am told it is better than Hampshire.

It is an exceedingly pretty and interesting sight to watch a field trial of dogs, and the fault rests with their not being long enough, so as to get at the real merits of the dogs.

Spring meetings I do not hold with, because nothing is shot. It certainly is a trial in a sort of way, but I like to see game killed over dogs, instead of blank cartridge being fired. Dogs get disheartened and careless if they see game missed, especially old ones.

There are many men, and good sportsmen, too, who are passionately fond of field trials, and also many feather-bed would-be sporting men who encourage them. Field trials, like dog shows, are degenerating into the ludicrous, simply from men acting as judges who would be far better away; whose place is at their desk, or, with their lavender kids, doing a little small talk at a flower show or croquet party.

The fact is, field trials, to most true sportsmen, are child's play. It is like dog shows, pigeon shooting, or polo—a very fashionable amusement. Apropos of pigeon shooting; as a young man, I was guilty of it, but a more cockneyfied, senseless, unsportsmanly pastime does not exist. I cannot see that there is any more cruelty in it than any other kind of shooting; it is simply an excuse for the insane passion of betting. Some few may shoot for the love of shooting, but by far the greater number for stakes and betting, and for idle men it whiles away an hour or two. I know many very capital sportsmen, deadly field shots; and why they should come the distances they do away from their own beautiful and pleasant country places to shoot at a few unfortunate Lincolnshire rooks on the outskirts of a vast, overgrown, smoke-dried city, I am at a loss to imagine. For the thorough cockney, who can shoot at nothing else, there may be some excuse.

Though a man may win a stake at pigeon shooting, he is not allowed to.

ways an A 1 shot, very far from it. I am acquainted with one gentleman who commenced shooting at thirty; a miserable field shot he was, and ever will be, yet at pigeons he is considered a crack hand. I suppose I must consider myself a still better shot than he is; for at a pigeon match some three years ago, I was induced to make one, and, with a gun I had never shot out of before, I gave this same gentleman the best beating perhaps he ever had. Hundreds, aye thousands of men, would laugh at him and lick him into fits at all kinds of game.

I know intimately many men who are splendid field shots, but are wretched hands at pigeons; and I also know men who are equally good at pigeons and game. Many of our pigeon shots shoot very well, but I doubt if any are as good as the late George Osbaldiston, or his friends, Lords Kennedy and Ranelagh, Hon. J. Anson, Captain Ross, Messrs. Shoubridge, Gillmore, or Arrowsmith. Most of them shot their matches at *thirty and forty yards*.

Perhaps Mr. Shoubridge was the best pigeon shot ever known. 'At the Red House, at Battersea, on Monday, 30th June, 1829, the most interesting shooting ever witnessed took place, in regard to superior shooting, in a sweepstake, previous to Captain Ross leaving town for the season. The sweepstakes were 25 sovs. each, 15 double shots each, at 20 yards distance, with five traps. The parties were Lord Ranelagh, Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldiston, Grant, and Shoubridge—Lord Ranelagh and Mr. Grant receiving four dead birds in advance. The match came off a tie at the fifteenth double shot between Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge. Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge then shot the tie off. Captain

Ross led and killed his three double shots in succession. Mr. Shoubridge followed, with the same success. Captain Ross, in his next double shot, missed one bird, and Mr. Shoubridge killed both his, and was declared the winner. This was considered by all amateurs present the best shooting ever witnessed. Mr. Shoubridge having killed the unprecedented number of ten double shots out of the last eleven, and the first bird of the eleventh, making twenty-one birds out of twenty-two. *A 1000l. to 100l. was offered that no person can be produced to excel this performance.* Mr. Shoubridge shot with a gun made by Purdey.

I mentioned before that dog trials took place on partridge at Bala some years back. They have this year been revived in the way of grouse trials.

The Rhiwlas moors are good, but not to be compared to Sir W. W. Wynn's, at the head of Bala Lake, nor are they, for their size, as good as those of Sir Edmund Buckley, Aberhinaunt; yet there is generally more game shot at Rhiwlas; and for this reason: there are more guns, and they are better walkers and shots than Sir Watkin, who is not A 1 with his gun—hunting being more in his line; in fact, the baronet does not shoot much, and cares very little about it; but his moors are the best about Bala by a great deal. Bala has nothing to recommend it; the town is small, but clean and neat.

Black, in his 'Guide,' alluding to Bala Lake, says: 'The banks of the lake are flat and naked, and the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood is tame and uninteresting; but the view of mountains in the distance is grand.'

I was only too glad to get away from the place. The fishing I found to be worth nothing, and the shoot-

ing, save grouse, worse. The fields are of no size, and a high-ranging dog soon becomes cramped and a potterer. For myself, I never could imagine what people went to Bala for: there is nothing to do, and nothing to see; the people, too—well, the less said about them the better.

Both pointers and setters, for field trials, must be most beautifully and perfectly broken, as the least misbehaviour on the part of the animal extinguishes his or her chance; they must also be under the most perfect command. No animals that I have ever seen at trials have been so well broken as Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's; but then he is a regular shooting man—not one of the half-and-half sort, who fancy they know everything, but whose knowledge after is all is but very limited.

A dog, to contest with any success at field trials, must be a fine bold free ranger, and hunt perfectly independent of his companion; he must be fast, turn on his game like lightning, and quarter his ground well; road up smartly, and on his point or backing as steady as a rock, free from chase of either fur or feather, drop to shot, wing or hand, fur or feather; never break fence, and come to heel on the instant; he must not be shy, timid, or jealous, as he will in some cases be put down with a strange companion; jealousy is fatal to his chance. He should work to hand and whistle; but working to hand is far preferable, as the less noise you make the better.

The best pointer by far I ever saw go was Mr. Garth's Drake; his pace was something terrific; when told to 'hold up' he would start off like a flash of lightning, and if the ground was at all dry, raise up a cloud of dust like an express train; but with this great turn of speed,

he would stop on his birds as if shot. His style of range, nose, and speed were simply superb; but he was no show dog. I have seen dogs go at such a pace that, coming on game suddenly, they have been unable to pull up, and roll right over, and, not daring to move for fear of springing the game, lie there till the gun has come up and shot. Both pointers and setters are equally good—it is a matter of taste; but, take them altogether for *general* purposes, I prefer the setter. It is said setters require more water than the pointer. But this I do not agree to; heavy lumbering dogs of either breed require water.

The Rhiwlas pointer and setter grouse trials have been looked forward to for months with great interest; it was a new idea, and therefore sure to take. As a whole, I cannot say it was a success; for there is no doubt Mr. Purcell Llewellyn was very unfairly treated; and I think his objection—which the 'Field' is pleased to call 'a frivolous and absurd objection'—was well-founded, and ought to have been entertained. Countess should have run with Belle—she well beat Belle last year at Vaynol and would beat her again, but it was not to be here, and she was knocked out of her chance. There is no denying it, the 'Field' has always been very bitter towards the Laverack breed of setters; but then, as I have before said, I would not take the 'Field' as an authority: and I am not alone in my opinion.

On Wednesday, the 13th of August, the ball opened with the Penlllyn Stakes of 15l. 15s., for braces, the property of the same owner; it was limited to eight entries. It was not necessary to have two pointers or two setters: a pointer and setter might be entered, as long as they were *bond*

*fide* the property of one person. The first prize was 70l. with a cup, presented by Mr. Thomas Statter; and the second prize, 25l.

## THE PENLLYN STAKES.

Rev. J. C. Macdonald's w blk t setter	
Ranger and lem and w pointer	
Squire	1
Mr R. Price's pointers Belle and Roman	
Fall	2
Mr R. P. Llewellyn's setters Countess	
and Nellie	3
Mr Geo. Moore's pointers Duke and	
Dick	0
Mr Hemming absent.	
Mr T. Statter's Viscount and Rob Roy	
—pointer and setter	0
Sir W. W. Wyan's Lancy and Drake—	
pointers	0
Mr Buckell's May and Kite—setters	0

The first brace to put in an appearance were Mr. George Moore's Dick and Duke, the latter being distinguished by a red collar. They were but a moderate brace of dogs, wanting in pace and working too much together; they stood in pretty style and were by no means badly broken. Duke has a very taking way of standing, and they were a brace of dogs that a lot of game might be killed to. They had not a good time of it, for besides having the wind against them, there was a nasty cold, drizzling rain coming down, which as they finished cleared off.

Then came Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's cracks, Countess and Nellie. The former went off in beautiful style, pegging some birds at least two hundred yards away from the guns. They work quite independent of one another—in fact, it was a treat to see them go; they were certainly a little resolute and wild, but in my opinion they fully made up for it by the magnificent way they pointed and backed. Nellie after a bit made what is termed a false point, and immediately after chased a bird some distance. They were then taken up, and Mr. Statter's black white and tan setter Rob



Roy and his liver and white pointer Viscount put down. I never liked Rob Roy, and the opinion I have always formed of him has turned out to be correct; he wants nose; though at times very fast, he can never make a first-class dog, by a long way. The pointer was by far the better animal; but, taking them altogether, they were not up to field trial form. The same may be said of Sir Watkin's brace Lancy and Drake; they made some pretty points, and are stanch, but want pace and style. They are a brace of good, useful, honest dogs, but nothing more.

Then came the Lunch Stakes, at which all were winners. Some betting, but of a very mild character, now took place; and after no end of talking, Ranger and Squire were put down. Though the winners of this stake, they were not the best dogs in it. Neither have a nicestyle of going; they hang their sterns, but are very stanch, and well broken—which is saying a great deal in these days of breech-loaders; still they are not a brace of dogs to my fancy, for they want style and fashion.

The two soft ones, Belle and Roman Fall, were then sent off. The latter animal has, literally, no go in him, for although he cut out the work at a rattling pace, he could not keep it up, and was

beaten at once. He would be dear at 10*l*. Belle went very prettily, making some beautiful points; but, as I have said elsewhere, she is no sticker; as a field trial bitch she will do, because she can last an hour or two. As to fancying she is better than Countess, it is simply ludicrous: she is not half as good, and never will be.

May and Kite, the red Irish setters, with more handling will make a splendid brace of dogs. Mr. Buckell's fault is perhaps a little over-breaking—a very common one. Belle and Roman Fall were then put down again, but they behaved miserably. This wound up the day's proceedings; 80 head of game was killed to the dogs; viz., 72 grouse, 5 hares, and 3 snipe: not much for these moors; but grouse are scarce everywhere.

Thursday, August 14th, was a splendid day, and the judges were up to time, at 10 o'clock, on the Caefadog moor—not so all the dogs, for the first brace were absent—and commenced with the Wynnstay Stakes for eight pointer or setter puppies, whelped since the 1st January, 1872; 5*l*. 5*s*. each. First prize, 25*l*. and a cup, given by J. H. Whitehouse, Esq.; second prize, 7*l*. and 5*l*., given by Spratt's Patent Meat Biscuit Company, to the best dog of the opposite breed to the winner.

#### THE WYNNSTAY STAKES.

Rev. J. C. Macdona's w b setter bitch)	agst	{ Mr Price's l w pointer Roman Fall,
Lulu, 10 mos.		1 yr 5 mos.
Marquis of Westminster's l w p Noble,		{ Mr Whitehouse's l w Macgregor, by
1 yr 3 mos		Francis's Sancho—Blanche, 1 yr 5 mos.
Mr R. Ll. Purcell Llewellyn's Kite, 1 yr		{ Mr Price's l w setter dog Ginx's Baby,
4 mos		by Mr Llewellyn's Dan—Rhoda.
Mr S. Beckett's bk w p Rector, 1 yr 8		” Mr Statter's Dick, 1 yr 5 mos.
mos		

Mr Price's Ginx's Baby and Mr T. Statter's Dick tied for first and second prize.  
Marquis of Westminster's Noble third prize

Rector and Dick commenced the proceedings. Rector, though very

small, is admirably broken; and I may as well say at once he was



considered by competent judges to be one of the best broken dogs at the meeting. He is a small, very plain black and white dog, a good one all over, but too small for these kinds of trials. Dick also made some grand points; he had the foot of the other, and is a fine sporting dog: more than can be said of the next brace, Roman Fall and Lulu. Two greater brutes were never put down on the heather, and when they could be caught they were taken up.

Macgregor and Noble then had a set-to, Macgregor commencing by pointing false; but he has fine form on his point. He is no stickler, however, and is soon hunted out. Noble is about the ugliest, most slovenly goer one can see; carries his stern low; but he was good enough to beat Macgregor. Kite and Ginx's Baby (what a name!) then tried conclusions. Much cannot be said of their performance; they did not hunt independently enough of each other, and the flag eventually went up for the setter.

After lunch, Dick and Ginx's Baby were run together. Notwithstanding the judge's fiat of a tie, Dick was the better animal. Doctors differ. Ginx's Baby has a

nasty stilty gallop; he may make a good dog, but at present he is not up to Dick's form. Rector and Noble then ran for the third prize, which Noble spotted. Taking this dog's performance altogether, it can only be reckoned as very moderate. 49 grouse and 1 hare were shot to the dogs—50 head in all; No *iced water* was on the hills for the animals, which perhaps accounts for the very moderate sport.

Friday, August 15th, was the day; 75*l*. and a cup for the winner were worth going for. The weather was fine in the morning, but in the afternoon turned off misty and cold. The Rhiwlas Stake was the stake of the meeting; it was for sixteen all aged pointers and setters, each entry, 10*l*. 10*s*.; 50*l*. given for the best pointer; 50*l*. for the best setter, and 25*l*. to the best dog in the stake; a piece of plate, presented by the President; a handsome meerschaum pipe carved with portraits of two celebrated fox-terriers, by Mr. Murchison, to the owner of the dog that wins the 50*l*. prize, and a cup, value 10*l*., by the proprietors of the 'Field.' Great interest was attached to this stake, as some of the *supposed* best dogs in the kingdom were in it.

## THE RHIWLAS STAKES.

## I.

Rev. J. C. Macdonald's Squire, 1 w pointer dog, by General Prim—Miranda . . .	beat	{ Mr Robertson's w bk pointer dog Pompey, by Pompey—Juno, both owner's dogs.
Mr R. L. Purcell Llewellyn's bk w t setter dog Flax (late Belton) . . .	"	Mr Statler's 1 w pointer dog Viscount.
Rev. J. C. Macdonald's Ranger . . .	"	Mr R. L. Price's w lem. setter dog Don.
Mr Statler's w bk t setter dog Rob Roy, a bye.		
Mr Price's liver pointer, Belle . . .	"	Mr Geo. Moore's w l d Grouse.
Mr Whitehouse's 1 w Macgregor, by Francis's Sancho—Blanche . . .	"	Mr Geo. Moore's w liv d Dick.
Mr R. P. Llewellyn's bk w t Countess, setter bitch, by Dash—Moll . . .	"	Mr Ellis's w l t setter bitch Romp.

## II.

Belle beat Ranger

| Countess beat Rob Roy.

Mr Prices's Belle, 1 w pointer bitch, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Ranger—his Grouse  
Rev. J. C. Macdonald's bk w setter dog Ranger, by Quince—owner's Judy.  
Mr Llewellyn's Countess third.

The first brace of dogs down on the heather were Squire and Pompey. It was any odds on Squire, but they both opened the proceedings by standing a lark: both jealous; then the Squire made a false point. Much in favour of this brace cannot in honesty be said: the performance was very moderate. Pompey is not half broken and is a potterer. Squire had more pace; but as to calling him first-rate form, it is sheer nonsense; he is a moderately good dog, with pace enough for general purposes. After a tedious time, the flag went up for the Squire. Flax and Viscount next essayed, but the performance of both was so indifferent that I may dismiss them at once, stating that Flax won.

The Rev. J. C. Macdona's Ranger and Mr. Price's Don then gave the public a taste of their qualities. All that need be said of Don is, that he is not worth a farthing. Ranger had it all his own way and won easily; he is a good, honest dog, stanch on his point, tolerably fast and smooth-working—in fact, he is one that can be depended upon; and if Mr. Macdona was a shooting man, would be invaluable to him. With all his goodness he is not so keen of nose as he might be; however, he is a very nice dog, and one his owner may be proud of.

Belle and Grouse were the next brace. Great things were expected of them. Belle made two or three false points, where snipe had been. This alone ought to have knocked her chance out there and then; but the judges did not think so, as they took no notice of these palpable false points. Grouse had not the slightest chance with the bitch—it was a brass farthing to an elephant on her. The dog is lazy, clumsy, wants life, go, and style in him, and is utterly unsuited to

field trials of any kind. Of course, his very indifferent performance made Belle's look ten times better than it really was, which was good, though nothing first rate.

Mr. Whitehouse's Macgregor and Mr. Moore's Dick then came to the fore. Macgregor was the faster dog of the two, without doubt, and in the end he beat Dick. Dick was jealous, and when he could take the other's point away rushed in. Both these dogs are far from first-class form.

Now the beautiful and celebrated little wonder, Countess, was put down with Romp. She was not in her usual brilliant form, being stiff and tired; when all right, she is unapproachable—her ranging and quartering the ground are perfection, and not to be touched by any pointer or setter now in existence. Her pace, stamina, and pluck are wonderful; she is a little undersized, but with her back and loins they enable her to go—and go the pace—where larger animals would not live with her ten minutes. Both were evidently jealous, as they commenced by pointing falsely; then they flushed some birds. From Countess's well-known good qualities this was but a sorry performance. She was evidently timid, cautious, and out of humour, and did not back kindly. She, however, warmed up, got into her pace, and managed to beat Romp. Now, it was she that should have been put down with Belle; those were the two that ought to have come together. I am satisfied in my own mind Belle would have had no more chance with her than she had last year. It was not to be, and hence Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's protest. So, instead of the gallant little bitch having a chance with the soft, tiring Belle, Ranger was put down with her. Here the judges made another mistake; for Ranger was the better of the two,

faster, stancher, more style and better form; the flag, however, went up for Belle.

To settle bets, Countess and Rob Roy were put down for the third prize. Here the little bitch—who was getting better—won it. The fact is, that the more Countess goes the better she is. She is one of the cut-and-come-again sort, and will not be denied. Belle, on the contrary, is soon done and knocked up, having no stamina.

I do not consider the meeting was a success; and the performances of the dogs, taken as a whole, was but very moderate. I dislike the plan of dropping dogs when on their point—it is not good breaking. And now I am on the subject of breaking, I am quite certain, from what I have seen during the last ten years, that dogs, as a rule, are not nearly so well broken as they were formerly. It is impossible for all dogs to win, but I am quite convinced in my own mind, and it is also the opinion of many others, that the best dogs have not won at Bala this year.

Be it clearly understood, I do not accuse the judges of any favouritism. I believe they did their best, and did it impartially. Every one has a right to his opinion, and I have a right to mine; and mine is, that they made several serious and grievous mistakes.

To settle the vexed question, as to which is the better animal of the two, Belle or Countess, why do not the owners run their dogs for a week? Now is the time of year for it. I am sure Mr. Purcell Llewellyn would do so; and, as far as my judgment goes, I think he would win in a canter. Both have now scored a victory each—Countess, last year, at Vaynol, and Belle this year at Bala. Now let them go in for the odd trick and rub; and let them both be tried on ground that neither

know anything about; fresh judges chosen who are no lovers of any particular kind of breed, and who have nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with dog shows or field trials.

I admit to being partial to a Laverack setter, but in reality I do not care what dog I have so long as he is good and handsome: pointer or setter, it is all the same to me. Of course, if I can get a good handsome dog, I much prefer him to a good ugly one. What I admire and like in the Laverack setters is their unapproachable and beautiful coats—their style, their lasting properties, fine heads, and general goodness. They may be hard to break—possibly they are—but, when well done, they are perfection.

I never yet had any dogs so hard to break as the Irish setters. I may say I have had to break them, season after season, till they were four and five years old; but no better, harder, or more enduring dogs can be shot over; wonderfully high-couraged and enduring.

Mr. Ellis makes a most admirable secretary, zealous, and unwearying; and although he cannot jump ditches (i.e. Vaynol) quite so well as he might have done some years ago, still he is the right man in the right place.

No one wishes better to dog shows and field trials than I do; and I am sure if the public had only a little more confidence—which they would have if the judges were more frequently changed—dog shows would become ten times more popular than they are at present.

P.S.—Since the above was in type, Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's protests have been published in the 'Field.' It will be seen that the committee agree that Countess had not fair play, which was patent

to every one. Now, Mr. Price had the members of the Kennel Club, judges, and reporters at his house the whole time. It looks ugly, to say the least of it. In fact, the trials taking place on his own ground, he ought never to have run a dog there at all. Politeness forbids me to say all I think on this matter; but one thing is pretty certain, no one will run a dog at Rhiwlas again. Nothing could be more unfair than the reports given in the 'Field.' Who or what 'Frank' may be I care not. I guess who he is; and I tell him, he had far better copy sermons than write sporting critiques, of which he knows nothing about.

#### THE LATE BALA TRIALS.

"Sir,—I am requested to forward you copy of a resolution passed at a meeting held at Ruabon to consider Mr. Llewellyn's protest against the money being paid in the Rhiwlas Stakes. I inclose copy of protest, and would be obliged by your inserting both.

"THOMAS ELLIS."

"RHIWLAS GROUSE TRIALS.—At a meeting held at the Wynnstay Arms, Ruabon, on Friday, Aug. 22, 1873, present Jno. Jones, Esq., Vionddru (chairman), J. C. Whitehouse, and George Jones, Esq.: The committee having heard Mr. Llewellyn's objection in the Rhiwlas Stakes read, it was unanimously resolved that the judges' decision must be considered final. At the same time the committee is of opinion that Pompey, Rob Roy, and Countess were run on such unsatisfactory ground that their merits could not be fairly tested.

(Signed) "JNO. JONES, Chairman."

"DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—I herewith protest against the money in the Rhiwlas Stakes being paid until the ties have all been properly run off; for I consider after Countess, in her trial with Rob Roy, took three points at grouse without Rob Roy getting one, and after Flax, in his trial with Viscount, took five points without Viscount getting one, they both of them (i.e. Countess and Flax) have a right to run till they are beaten in the usual way by another dog, and not by an opinion

only. I beg, therefore, that this may at once be laid before the committee.

"Yours truly,

"R. LL. PURCELL LLEWELLYN.

"Bala, August 16."

"DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—I hereby enter a second protest against the payment of the Rhiwlas Stakes, on account of the management of the beating of the ground having been taken out of the hands of the advertised ground manager, and done by a competitor and his keeper, to the great disadvantage of the dogs, both mine and others; and I hereby refer the committee to Mr. Buckell's statement of facts. I therefore ask the committee either to run off the ties properly in the usual manner, or to return the entrance money.

"I remain, Sir, yours truly,

"R. LL. PURCELL LLEWELLYN.

"Aug. 16."

MR. LLEWELLYN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE DECISION AT THE LATE BALA TRIALS.

"Sir,—I wish to correct some insinuations and assertions made by your reporter 'Frank' in his report of the concluding day of the Bala Trials. In the first place, allow me to thank him for his polite and courteous observation that I 'thought fit to send in a frivolous and absurd objection because my setter bitch Countess did not run off her tie with Belle.' 'Frank' is totally ignorant of the grounds of my protest. I made no objection to the judging as far as it went, but my protest, as well as that of another competitor, was laid against the management of the beat being taken out of the hands of the regularly appointed ground manager and conducted entirely by an exhibitor and his keeper, greatly to the disadvantage of my dogs and some others.

"I also contradict 'Frank's' assertion that final ties are not run off at trials. It has always been the rule at trials to run them off; and this has been the only trial at which, for some reason or other, it was not done; and this omission was the ground of my second protest laid before the committee. And I may remind you that at the late Vaynol Trials as much as 10 to 1 was freely taken against my Countess, when she was to run with Belle; yet after all she beat Belle: which shows the fallacy of judging without actually seeing dogs down together; and I am glad to say that the committee meeting held at Ruabon differed from your reporter 'Frank' in toto in their opinion of my protest.

"R. LL. PURCELL LLEWELLYN.

"Wester Dalcrombie, by Inverness."

## SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

THE REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE GAME LAWS—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA—  
MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE AT HOME AND ABROAD—LADIES AS SCHOOLMISTRESSES.

WE ought to feel very much obliged to the Select Committee on the Game Laws for having given a new vigour to conversation at lunch-time in September. When we sat down under a hedge, after a hot morning's work, some original person was always sure to ask the guns generally what they thought of the report on the Game Laws that was brought in at the close of last session; and the universal sentiment was, that the report was, on the whole, a feeble document, and looked very much like a compromise between conflicting opinions. Rabbits are no longer to be made game of; that is to say, the idle vagabond who has a fancy for that prolific animal will be able to trespass where he pleases, and set as many snares as he likes, without incurring the same perils as heretofore. Henceforth, if the report is embodied in a statute, poaching by day is to be a very much milder offence than poaching by night, if, indeed, it is to be any offence at all. The man who captures a hare at three o'clock in the afternoon, upon land where he has no right to be, commits a slight irregularity; but the same man, knocking a pheasant off its perch at ten o'clock at night, also on land where he has no right to be, puts himself in an extremely awkward and painful position, should he have the misfortune to be caught. Being only a plain, commonplace sort of person myself, I am compelled to admit that I am totally unable to see the force of the distinction. I have always been taught to think that wrong is wrong, whether it is done by day

or by night; nor can I understand why sunshine should make innocent an act which is guilty if perpetrated beneath the benign light of the moon. Some excellent people seem to think that he who poaches by day is merely indiscreet, while he who poaches by night is a hardened scoundrel. My experience leads me to believe that the day poacher is certainly the more indiscreet, but possibly the more reckless, and undoubtedly without the same excuse, if honest labour can be so called; for the poacher's friend—and he has a good many, I am sorry to say—usually urges that the poacher is merely a starving agricultural labourer, who snares game in order to provide for the wants of his hungry family. Now, it is pretty well agreed that there is by no means a surplussage of agricultural labourers; and, indeed, I have heard farmers complain that labourers are very hard to get; and, therefore, we may not unreasonably argue that the peasant who poaches in the daytime possesses such a character that nobody will employ him; and, therefore, we may not unnaturally think that he is more worthy the attention of the magistrate than the peasant who does a little poaching for larder purposes after his day's work is done. But I own that I am under a very strong impression that it is very unfair to the agricultural labourers generally to suppose that they are the principal offenders in this matter. Poaching, in a vast number of districts, has become a commercial enterprise. The professional poacher belongs to a distinct class. He is not by any means in a

starving condition, as the readiness with which he pays the fines imposed upon him proves; nor is he such a gourmand that he is perpetually requiring game to stir an appetite satiated with cheese and bacon. He traps hares and rabbits, and steals pheasants, in order that he may sell them, and put hard cash into his pocket; and that poaching is a remunerative line of business is evident from the fact that the poacher is quite prepared to run all risks, and is extremely indifferent to the number of times he is convicted. Three months' imprisonment to him are board and lodging at other people's expense, though, of course, he must set against this a deprivation of beer and 'baccy. No sooner does he leave gaol than he returns to his pleasant pursuits, though he may perhaps seek fresh woods and pastures new. The unhappy man that ferrets out a rabbit for a hungry family is a creature of the philanthropic imagination of the benevolent theorist who dwells in towns, and never had an acre of shooting in his life; or, if such a case ever has to be dealt with by the local bench, the exceptional circumstances are certain to be brought forward, and the punishment is reduced to its lowest legal dimensions. To say that country magistrates are unjust in these matters, because they are interested parties, is a gross libel upon them, utterly unsupported by facts. In fact, those who take the trouble to inquire in an impartial spirit will find that sentences on poachers are usually extremely lenient, and that magistrates generally err upon the side of mercy.

That the Game Laws require revision, I am very far from denying. I think they do require it; but I desire that any legislation upon the subject should proceed upon some definite principle. In

the recent report of the Select Committee, the issues to be determined are mixed up far too much. With reference to the Game Laws, there are four distinct subjects to be considered: the desirability of keeping alive a pastime which is extremely important in many ways—to mention only one, viz., that it gives a great impetus to the circulation of money on large estates, as shooting unquestionably does; the necessity of preserving certain articles of food; the damage that is done to the tenant-farmer's crops; and the general bearing upon crime. For the last matter, we can only say that, of course, it is extremely obvious that if there is no game there will be no poachers, just as if there were no rights of property there would be no thieves. This is an argument which nobody but an imbecile will urge; the damage done to crops can only be made a matter of contract between landlord and tenant; no tenant need keep a farm unless he likes, and if he is of opinion that the damage done to his crops by game is so great that he cannot get a fair interest for his capital after paying his rent, he can say so and quit. As to the necessity of preserving game for food and other purposes, there is no doubt that if game disappeared in England it would at once be tried elsewhere, and we should import it as a luxury for the tables of the rich; but then it might occur to proprietors of land that in this respect they might profitably compete with foreign growth, and, in the end, game laws would be revived with far greater stringency than at present. Lastly, would it not be a matter of national regret if shooting were entirely put an end to? What would be the result? Wealthy proprietors would not reside nearly so much at their country houses; the money which



they circulate would be withdrawn, and in these days of easy and rapid locomotion, shootings would be taken in other parts of Europe, where the sporting tenants would be eagerly welcomed, and a great blow would be struck at our social life.

For my part, I am inclined to think that the matter resolves itself entirely into a question between landlord and tenant. The poacher deserves no consideration whatever; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is a hardened ruffian, and is the pest of the neighbourhood he inhabits. His days are passed in beer shops, and his nights in prowling where he has no business to be. He is as dishonest as the common pick-pocket, and is more idle than the metropolitan rough. He is an abject coward usually, and never dares pursue his depredations alone; but he is the most brutal of the human race, if he and half-a-dozen of his companions can overcome a keeper or a watcher who are simply fulfilling their duties. He is, in fact, a most unmitigated rascal, and, when caught, should be punished as a felon; but, as between landlord and tenant, there is no doubt that in every agreement or lease there should be a game clause. It is generally admitted that if partridges do harm they do a good deal of good, nor is there much difficulty about pheasants; but with respect to hares and rabbits, some distinct understanding ought to be arrived at when a tenant takes a farm. Ground game is the source of all discontent, and surely we are not so uninventive that we cannot find some method of adjusting the balance of right and wrong in this respect.

Some of us are beginning to

think that it is very desirable that the great lights of the medical profession should issue some manifesto by which we might clearly understand what is the proportion of food and drink which the average individual ought to consume in the course of the twenty-four hours. Meals are really becoming monstrous. At nine o'clock in the morning the breakfast-table is laden with fish, hot meats, and fruit, to say nothing of the minor accidents of coffee, tea, muffins, and marmalade. At two P.M. lunch is provided as for appetites that are keen from the effects of a long fast. At a quarter to eight dinner is served, and Society plies its knife and fork, and drinks its claret, as if the means of supporting existence were rather a novelty than otherwise. Now, no doubt, the exigencies of our somewhat eccentric climate require that we should take three times as much nourishment as the favoured inhabitants of more southern climes, and, at all events, we will not linger now to discuss the point; though unquestionably it opens up a wide field of inquiry, and, considering the present price of meat and most articles of consumption, it is rather surprising that no member of the House of Commons has moved for a select committee on that subject; but there is one social custom which is of comparatively recent growth, which it may be as well to consider briefly, as it is in its way a somewhat curious phenomenon, and that is, five o'clock tea. Five o'clock tea has become quite an institution. It is no longer a casual refreshment confined to ladies who dine early because their more delicate organs of digestion are put out of order by the late dinner-hour which the habits of modern Society have rendered necessary; it is not by



any means analogous to the glass of sherry which a man drinks at his club as he pauses on his way westward to hear the political gossip of the afternoon and to glance at the evening papers. Five o'clock tea is as recognised a meal as breakfast or luncheon, and it is really rather extraordinary to witness the amount of fluid and bread and butter that is consumed upon these interesting occasions. It is impossible to assist at one of these entertainments, merely as a spectator, without feeling some astonishment at the consuming powers of the female sex. Ladies generally do not dismiss luncheon untasted, nor are they as a rule wholly devoid of appetite at dinner, and yet five o'clock tea has become with them a necessity of existence. The diagnosis of the fact would, I am sure, be deeply interesting if undertaken in a spirit of calm impartiality by some eminent physician. My own superficial solution of the problem is that when ladies meet together at five o'clock in the afternoon their conversational powers are sorely taxed, and that their brains need the excitement of the cup which, we are assured, cheers but not inebriates. But then the bread and butter! This is the aspect of the phenomenon which puzzles me; how, after a large lunch, and, in prospect of a larger dinner, can the sylphs of society contrive so easily to dispose of a considerable amount of nutritious food at such an hour? Some time ago our sensibilities were much shocked by an article in the 'Saturday Review' on 'Drawing-room Alcoholism.' Social propriety quivered to its centre, and we would not, could not, believe the terrible insinuations that were then forced upon our notice. But with the patent facts before us we cannot refuse to look upon five o'clock tea as a species

of female stimulant. At that sacred hour when the lord and master is thinking of quitting his office in the city, when the member of Parliament is preparing for his night's work, when the well-dressed government official is taking his saunter after his toil of snubbing his country generally, when the gilded youth of the metropolis is sallying from its clubs for the purpose of displaying its elegant proportions in the park, the wives and daughters of London Society are busy at their banquet of Bohea, stirring the cream and sugar of social mysteries, and compounding the light elements of the gossip which will shortly be sipped eagerly in the wider circles of the community. Here is reasoned out the rationale of the letting Lord Blank's town house for the season; here is logically animadverted on the cause of Miss Dash's engagement with the Earl of Three Stars; here are decided the social rights of the 'Manchester people' who have suddenly arisen in Mayfair; here Anonyma is chastely hinted at, and a wealthy Baronet's celibacy is sighed over; here the impending general election is as great a cause of anxiety as it can be to the Premier and his whips; here the price of coals is discussed as warmly as the taste of Madame Elise; here too a covert anxiety is expressed as to the rise in rents, the increased expense of living, and the advantage of co-operative stores. But all these questions are examined, be it understood, not in the way of grave query and argument, but in an apparently superficial manner, as if they were merely topics of conversation, social subjects it is as well to know something about; and yet the solitary male, who may enjoy the questionable advantage of being present, cannot fail to comprehend that the airy talk he listens to is

something more than the mere effervescence of animal spirits. Indeed, five o'clock tea is an admirable school for the study of female character, and furnishes a valuable opportunity for observing the quick instincts of women, and their wonderful capacity for jumping at sound conclusions in matters which would take a man some time to argue out before he arrived at a settled conviction. Five o'clock tea, then, while it affords an unanswerable argument on the subject of the powers of female digestion, may be considered from a more elevated point of view, and while we may hesitate to regard it as the nourishment of the theories of woman's rights, we may contemplate it as a school of social cookery where the soups are clear, the side-dishes appetizing, the *pièces de résistance* thoroughly roasted—the tarts, tart—the ices frigid in the extreme,—and the dessert, that which every one deserves.

It is generally admitted that last season in London was particularly dull, and if it had not been for the timely arrival of the Oriental potentate from Persia, conversation would have been really more than ordinarily stupid, but the Shah certainly gave occasion for some very good jokes, and if not too late, I think a testimonial ought to be presented to him for having given us a short respite from our social boredom. The session of Parliament, too, was, on the whole, far from enlivening. We dimly recollect, certainly, that the ministry got very much beaten upon some question or other; we really forget what the precise difficulty was, and so we may conclude that it was one upon which none of us took any very great degree of interest; we

only know that the Conservatives might have come in if they liked; but they didn't like, and so the matter dropped. But certain details of Parliamentary reports occurred to my mind not long ago when I was at church one Sunday listening to an eloquent discourse, of which the practical issue was that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had strong claims upon my pocket. I really should have liked to have argued the point with the preacher. I am asked to propagate the gospel in foreign parts, but at the same time I cannot help observing that there appear to be very strong objections to my assisting in propagating the same gospel at home. All the legislative intellectual power of the present day is brought to bear upon the question, What is the minimum of Christian teaching which we can tolerate in our national education? The Educational League, which, I am told, is composed of extremely estimable persons, adopts as its platform the entire exclusion of all religious teaching from national schools. If I object to this as somewhat inconsistent in a professedly Christian country, I am informed that it is *denominational* religious teaching that is considered highly undesirable, and that as Christianity is nothing if it is not denominational, it is far better that Christianity should not be taught at all. But I find, on inquiry, that the persons who support this theory are yet extremely zealous for the conversion of the heathen, and subscribe largely for the support of missionaries. This strikes me as an inconsistency of behaviour which I have no doubt is capable of being logically explained, and I own that I should like to hear the interpretation. I confess to an impression that our denominational

Christianity had better be taught at home than no Christianity at all. I admit to a prejudice that our street arabs and gutter children, as the offspring of the poorer classes are somewhat coarsely called, deserve our care and sympathies quite as much as the misguided Hindoo, or the Nature-worshipping savage. Does it occur, I wonder, to our zealous propagandists and proselytisers, that the intelligent heathen—in India, for instance—may very fairly say to us superior beings, ‘When you have settled amongst yourselves what that Christianity is which you are so desirous of forcing upon us, we shall be happy to listen to you; but you must excuse us for remarking that as your Catholic churches and Protestant sects all work, at present, upon the principle of mutual extermination, we cannot avoid entertaining a pretty strong notion that we are better as we are. We, fellow-subjects with you of her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria, are not unacquainted with your English press, and we cannot fail to observe that the animosity of your religious parties is almost blood-thirsty. Why, your government at home is perpetually obliged to apologise for permitting in your national schools the smallest modicum of that Christian teaching which you profess such enthusiastic anxiety that we should adopt. We are prepared to admit that you have been powerful agents in civilising us, and, so far as we recognise the benefits of civilisation, we are much obliged to you, and it may be our own obtuseness that has compelled you to force it upon us at the point of the sword; and, after all, the civilisation you have treated us to is very much a commercial transaction of which the benefits are not wholly on our side. But when you come to religion—a thing

which is not so capable of practical illustration as the advantages of art and commerce, we may not unnaturally beg you to leave us alone in the enjoyment of a faith which has been ours for many centuries. For what do you offer us in exchange? A metaphysical theory of the human soul, as regards its position in this world and the next, which you yourselves quarrel about in a manner that is simply ludicrous to us heathens. When we see by your examples how much you Christians love each other, and how thoroughly you are united on what must be to all of you, if we are to believe what you say, of the most transcendent importance, as it affects for good or for evil your immortal lives, we shall be prepared to listen to you with humility and reverence. But not till then.’

Whether missionaries ever meet with such arguments, I do not know, but I should think it not impossible. I do know that such reasoning is used with trenchant effect by intelligent heathens at home, and a convincing reply to it has not, as far as I am aware, yet been framed. This is not the place to indulge in speculations as to the future of Christianity in the world, but I may at least raise my humble protest against the extravagant bitterness with which we good Christians are apt to discuss our differences of opinion. Shall we never learn that our opponents are actuated by motives as sincere as our own, and that the imputation of corrupt intentions and downright rascality in our theological adversaries is about as un-Christian as anything that can be conceived? On one point I confess to a strong conviction, and that is that our home discussions upon the desirability of religious teaching in our schools will neutralise for a long time to come

the efforts of missionary enterprise.

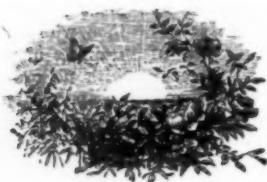
The mention of education reminds me of a social subject which has recently been started for discussion, and which is of the greatest interest to the community at large. A lady correspondent of the 'Times,' in a letter written with great clearness and ability, has come forward with the suggestions that young ladies of narrow income should no longer believe that the only profession open to them is that of a governess in a private family; but that they should take advantage of the provisions of the Education Act, and fit themselves to become mistresses in elementary schools. It has long been admitted to be a lamentable fact, that if young ladies do not contrive to dispose of themselves in matrimony, it is difficult to know how they are to be disposed of at all; and most of them, who have to rely upon their own resources for their daily wants, evince a very strong objection to becoming governesses. It is not to the credit of our social system that the profession of a governess should be considered as a means of livelihood which is to be avoided as much as possible. There is nothing degrading in the task of educating the young; on the contrary, it is in itself a high and noble occupation, for it is an earnest contribution to the well-being of society at large; and many a successful man or woman can look back with feelings of the warmest gratitude to the teaching and training of their early years; and we are forced to believe that it is the social, or rather unsocial, treatment which so many governesses have received at the hands of their employers, which has rendered the profession hateful.

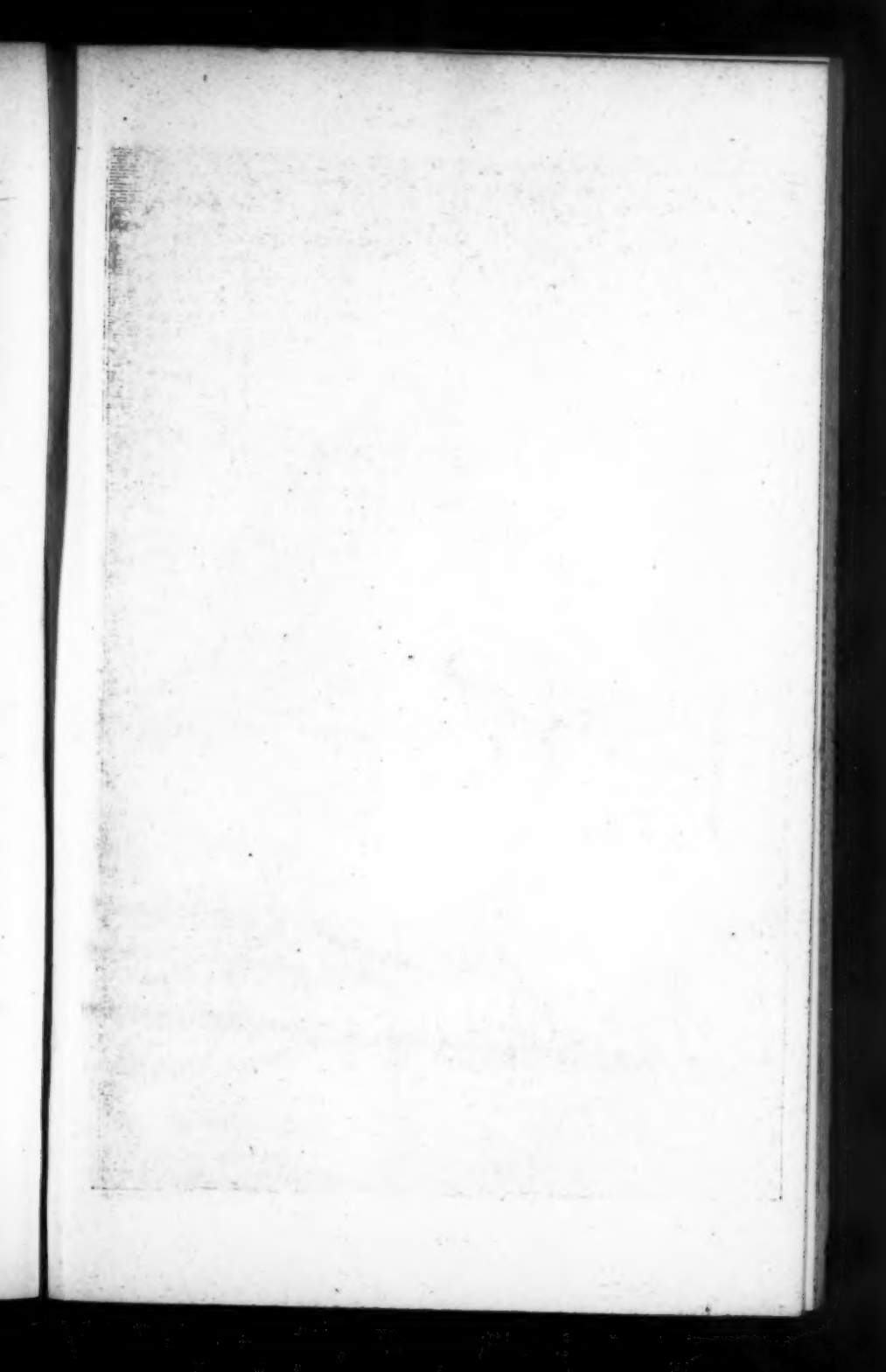
Let us hope, however, that the atrocious vulgarity which delights to snub a 'dependent' is dying out as rapidly as we are coming to the conclusion that it is no honour to any man or woman to be idle; and that labour, whether intellectual or mechanical, so long as it is honest, elevates, and not degrades, the labourer. Let us hope, then, that young ladies who are cursed with the position of genteel poverty will feel no reluctance to enter into the new fields for energy and perseverance, resulting in competence, which are now opened out to them; nor let them for a moment imagine that the position of school-mistress in an elementary school necessitates the slightest lowering in the social scale. In these days, when the old order is giving place to new, and each successive day witnesses some startling change, the birth of some new idea, the practical accomplishment of public or domestic revolutions; when we hear around us 'the crash of falling thrones and shaken dynasties,' the hoarse voices of Communism, and the roar of arming nations, we take refuge in the strong faith and earnest hope that refined and liberal education may yet prove to be the all-saving element in society. Those persons, then, who are to conduct the early training of the young we regard with no ordinary interest, for to an appreciable extent they are responsible for the future of the world. Come, young ladies, here is something most worthy of your attention, and far more profitable for the exercise of your energies than any amount of talking and theorising about woman's rights, or vain attempts to thrust yourselves into spheres where you run the chance of being jostled too rudely by your male competitors. I wish I had space to transfer the entire letter to these columns, but

doubtless it will have received its share of attention before these lines appear in print; but I cannot forbear making one or two quotations. After giving details of salary, holidays, hours of work, &c., the 'Times' correspondent, who subscribes herself 'A Lady School Manager,' comes to the subject of independence. 'I have placed this last,' she says, 'because here lies the greatest advantage over a governess's life. As long as a teacher conducts herself quietly and properly she is completely her own mistress; no managers ever interfere, nor, indeed, inquire as to how she spends her time after school hours are over. Contrast this freedom with the position of a private governess, whose pupils sometimes scarcely leave her day or night, and who is under somebody's orders all day, and every day of the week. . . . Should any young lady who reads this think seriously of entering this profession, she must remember that the work, though humble, is thorough. She must know per-

fectly all she professes to teach, and good training for a few months at a normal college is indispensable, in order to obtain a certificate. But the training is short, and exceedingly inexpensive. Any energetic young woman with even moderate abilities would soon fit herself for the post. I hope the time will come when the larger share of elementary school teaching will be in the hands of women—at any rate, all mixed schools of boys and girls in the villages. In America the chief part of the teaching is done by schoolmistresses. Travellers tell us that there, women-taught, women-trained boys grow up into men sharp and cute enough, and yet with a certain chivalrous deference for women quite unknown to their cousins, the clodhoppers of Great Britain. Who knows how much the manners of the lower classes of our countrymen might be softened if in their boyhood they came daily under the influence of ladies?'

FREE LANCE.







Drawn by K. Greenaway.]

AFTER THE SEASON.



